THE SECONDE TRAGEDIE OF Seneca entituled Thyestes faithfully Englished by Jasper Heywood fellowe of Alsoine Colege in Oxforde.

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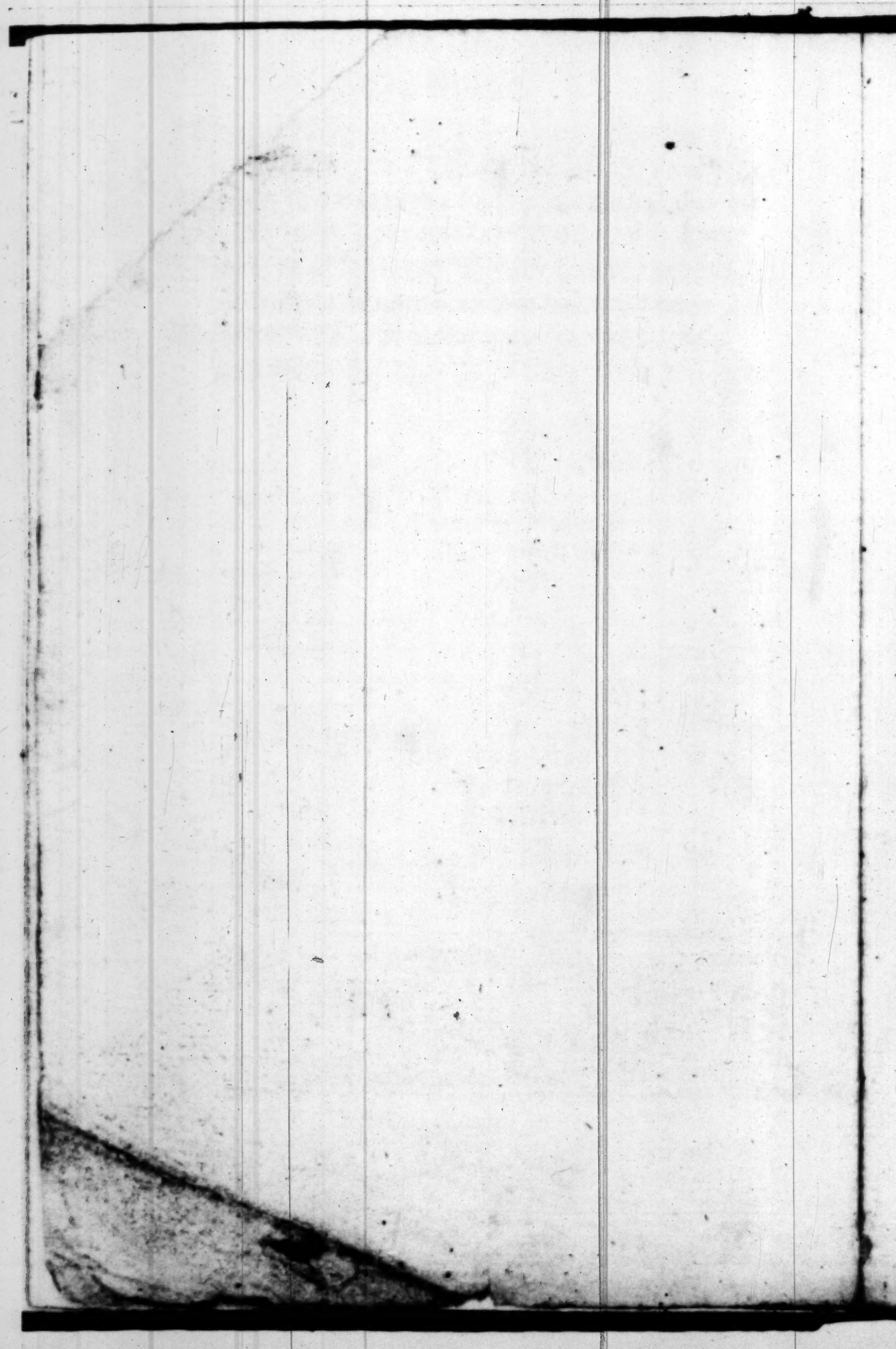

To the right honorable syr John Mason knight one of the Queenes maiesties priuie counsaile, his daily orator Jasper Heywood wysheth health with encrease of honour and vertue.

AS bounden brest dothe beare the poorest wyght,
that dutie dothe in tryflyng token sende,
As he that dothe with plenteous present quyght,
Of prouder pryce, and glyttryng golde his frende.
Who so repaythe with moneys mightie masse,
the good that he at others hands hath founde,
Remembraunce of the benefyte dothe passe,
he thynks him selfe to hym no longer bounde.
The poore, whose powre may not with pryce repaye,
the great good gyfts that he receyude before,
With thankfull thought yet gogyn gyfte dothe swaye,
aboue the payse of pearle and golde great store.
If puisaunt prynce at poore mans hande onse tooke
A radishe roote, and was therwith content,
Your honor then I pray, this little booke
to take in woorthe, that I to you present.

Whiche though it seike a volume be but small,
yet greater gyft it geues then weene ye myght,
Though it a barrayne booke be throughout all
full fruteles, yet not Lapthies sygne in syght
It showes of him that for your honour prayes,
(as deedes of yours of him deserued haue,)
That god aboue prolong your happie dayes,
and make the skyes your seate soone after graue.

¶ The translatour to the booke.

Thou lytle booke my messenger must be,
That must from me to wight of honour goe,
Behaue thee humbly, bende to him thy knee,
and thee to hym in lowly maner showe.
But dooe thou not thy selfe to him present,
When with assayres thou shalt him troubled see,
Thou shalt perhapps, so wrothely be shent,
and with repproofe he thus will say to thee.
So prowdly thus presume how darest thou,
at suche a tyme so rashely to appeare?
With thyngs of waight thou seest me burdned nowe,
I maie not yet to trysles geue myne eare.
Spie well thy tyme, when thou him seest alone,
an yole houre for the shalbe moste meete,
Then steppe thou foorth, in sight of him anone,
and as behoues, his honor humbly greete.
But now take heede what I to the shall tell,
and all by roote this lesson take with thee,
In euery thyng thy selfe to order well
in syght of hym, geeue eare and learne of mee.
Fyrst, what or whence thou art if he wouide wyt,
then see that thou thy tytle to him showe,
Tell hym thy name is in thy forhed wryt,
by whiche he shall bothe thee and me well knowe.

Then when he hath once lookte vpon thy name,
yf yet he shall neglect to reade the rest,
Or if he chyde and say thou arte to blame,
with trikles suche to haue him so oppzest:
Beseche him yet therof to pardon thee,
syns thou arte but thy masters messengere,
Excuse thy selfe and laie the faute in mee,
at whose commaundment thus thou comste in there.
If my presumpcion then accuse he do,
if deede so salshe of myne he do repzoue,
That I thee dare attempt to send him to,
beware thou speake nothyng foz my behoue.
Noz do thou not excuse my faute in ought,
but rather yet confesse to him the same,
And saie there maie a fawte in me be thought,
whiche to excuse it doubleth but the blame.
Yet with my boldenes him beseche to beare,
and pardon geue to this my enterpzyse,
A wooythy thyng in wight of honour weare,
a present pooze to take in thankfull wyse.
Foz tell him though thou slender volume be,
vngreeyng syste foz state of honour guest,
Yet dooste thou signe of dutie bzinge with the,
and pledge thou arte of truly bounden bzest.
And thou foz him arte come foz to confesse,
his beadman bounde to be foz his desart,
And how to him he graunts he owethe no lesse,
noz geeues no moze, but note of thankfull hart.

In

to the booke.

In all the reſt that he to thee ſhall ſay,
thy wyt ſhall ſerue an anſwere well to make.
Thou haſt thyne errande, get thee hens away,
the gods thee ſpeede, to them I thee betake.

The preface.

T was the fowze and twentith date
of lateſt monthe saue one
Of all the yere: when flowze and frute
from fielde and tree were gone,
And ſadder ſeaſon ſuche enſewde
as dulls the dolefull ſpzights
And Muſe of men that wonted were
to wander in delights:
And weather ſuche there was, as well
became the penſyue pen
With ſozy ſtyle of woes to wzyte
and eke of miſchieke, when
Auroza bluſht with ruddie cheekes,
to waile the death agayne
Of Phœbus ſoon: whom thunderbolt
of mightie Ioue had ſlayne:
And cloudes from highe began to thzowe
their dreary teares adowne,
And Venus from the ſkyes aboue
on fryday fowle to frowne:
When (as at booke with maled Muſe
I ſatte and penſiue thought
Deeps drowned in dumps of dzouſines
as chaunge of weather wzought,)

I felt

The Preface.

I felt howe Morpheus bound my browes
and eke my Temples strooke,
That downe I loonke my heauy head
and sleapt vppon my booke.
Then dreamde I thus, that by my syde
me thought I sawe one stande
That downe to grounde in scarlet gowne
was dight, and in his hande
A booke he bare: and on his head
of Bayes a Garland greene:
Full graue he was, well stept in yeres
and comly to be seene.
His eyes like Christall shiende: his breathe
full sweete, his face full fyne,
It seemde he had byn lodged long,
among the Muses nyne.
Good syr (q I) I you beseeche
(since that ye seeme to me
By your attyre some worthie wight)
it may your pleasure be,
To tell me what and whens ye are.
wherat a whyle he stayde
Beholdyng me: anone he spake,
and thus (me thought) he sayde.
Spayne was (q he) my native soyle:
a man of woorthie fame
Sometime I was in former age,
and Seneca my name.

The Preface.

The name of Seneca when I heardo
then scantly could I speake:
I was so gladde that from mine eyes
the teares began to breake
For ioy: and with what wordes I shoulde
salute him, I ne wyst.
I him embrast: his handes, his feete,
and face full ofte I kyst.
And as at lengthe my trickling teares
me thought I might refrayne,
O blissfull daye (qd I,) wherin
returned is agayne
So worthie wight: O happie houre,
that lieker is to me
Then like: wherin it happs me so,
that I should Seneca see.
Arte thou the same, that whilom dydst
thy Tragedies endight
With woondrous wit and regall stile:
O long desyred sight.
And lyuste thou yet (qd I) in deede:
and arte thou come agayne
To talke and dwell as thou wert wont
with men: and to remayne
In this our age: I lyue (qd he)
and neuer shall I die:
The woorks I wrote shall still preserue
my name in memorie

From

From age to age: and nowe agayne
I will reuiue the fame,
And here I come to feeke fome one
that might renewe my name,
And make me fpeake in ſtraunger ſpeeche
and fette my woorks to ſight,
And ſkanne my verſe in other tongue
then I was woont to wright.
A young man well I wotte there is
in thyle of Britannie,
(That from the reſt of all the worlde
alooke in ſeas doth lie)
That once this labour tooke in hande:
him wolde I meete full fayne,
To traue that in the reſt of all
my woorkꝫ he wolde take payne
To toyle, as he in Troas did.
is that your wyll (quoth I:)
I blufht, and fayd the fame you ſeeke,
loe, here I ſtande you by.
If thou (q he) be whome I ſeeke,
if glorie ought thee moue
Of myne to come in after age,
if Geners name thou loue
Aliue to keepe, I thee beſeeche
agayne to take thy pen,
In miter of thy mother tongue
to geue to light of men

My other woorkes: whereby thou shalt
deserue of them and mee,
No litle thancks: When they them selues
my Tragedies shall see
In Englishe verse, that neuer yet
coulde latine vnderstande.
With my renowne perhapps thy name
shall flie throughout this lande,
And those that yet thee neuer knewe
shall thee bothe loue and prayse,
And say God graunt this yong man well
to lyue full many dayes,
And many happy houres to see
in life: and after graue,
Rest, ioy, and blisse eternally
aboue the skies to haue,
That so translated hath these bookes.
to him (quoth I) agayne
(If any be that so with thanks
accepts a yong mans payne)
I wishe great good: but well I wotte
the hatefull cursed broode
Farre greater is, that are long syns
sproong vp of Zoylus bloode.
That Red heard, black mouthd, squint eyed wretche
hath cowched euery wheare,
In corner close some Impe of his
that sitts to see and heare

What

What eche man dothe, and eche man blames.
nor once we may him see
Come face to face, but we once gone
then stoutly stepps out hee:
And all he carpes that there he fyndes
ere halfe he reade to ende,
And what he vnderstandes not, blames,
though nought he can amende.
But were it so that suche were none,
how may these youthfull dayes
Of mine, in thyng so hard as this
deserue of other prayse?
I labour long (quoth I) it is
that riper age doothe craue:
And who shall trauaile in thy bookes,
more iudgement ought to haue
Then I: whose greener yeares therby
no thanks may hope to wynne.
Thou seest dame Nature yet hath sette
No heares vppon my chynne.
Craue this therfore of grauer age,
and men of greater skill.
Full many be that better can,
and some perhapps that will.
But yf thy will be rather bent,
a yong mans witt to proue,
And thinkst that elder lerned men
perhaps it shall behoue,

The Preface.

In woorks of waight to spende theyr tyme,
goe where Mineruaes men,
And finest witts doe swarme: whome she
hath taught to passe with pen.
In Lyncolnes Inne and Temples twayne,
Grayes Inne and other mo,
Thou shalt them fynde whose paynfull pen
thy verse shall flourishe so,
That Melpomen thou wouldst well weene
had taught them for to wright,
And all their woorks with stately style,
and goodly grace t'endight.
There shalt thou se the selfe same Northe,
whose woorke his witte displayes,
And Dyall dothe of Princes paynte,
and preache abroade his prayse.
There Sackuyldes Sonetz sweetely sauste,
and featly fyned bee,
There Nortons ditties do delight,
there Yeluertons doo flee
Well pewzde with pen: suche yong men three,
as weene thou mightst agayne,
To be begotte as Pallas was,
of myghtie Joue his brayne.
There heare thou shalt a great reporte,
of Baldwyns worthie name,
Whose Myrrour dothe of Magistrates,
proclayme eternall fame.

And

And there the gentle Blundville is
by name and eke by kynde,
Of whome we learne by Plutarches lore,
what fruite by Foes to fynde.
There Bauande bydes, that turnde his toyle
a Common welthe to frame,
And greater grace in Engiyshe genes,
to wooryhy authors name.
There Gouge a gratefull gaynes hath gotte,
reporte that runneth ryfe,
Who crooked Compasse dothe describe,
and Zodiake of lyke.
And yet great nombre more, whose names
yf I shoulde now resight,
A ten tymes greater woorke then thine,
I should be forste to wright.
A pryncely place in Parnasse hill,
for these there is prepardc,
Where crowne of glittryng glorie hangs,
for them a eyght rewarde.
Whereas the lappes of Ladies nyne,
shall dewly them defende,
That haue prepardc the Lawrell leafe,
about theyr hedds to bende.
And where theyr Penns shall hang full hie,
and fame that erst was hyd,
Abrode in Brutus realme shall flie,
as late theyr volumes dyd.

Thefe

These are the witts that can display
thy Tragedies all ten,
Repleate with lugred sentence sweete,
and practise of the pen.
My selfe, I must confesse, I haue
to muche alreadie doon
Aboue my reache, when rashly once
with Troas I begoon:
And more presumde to take in hande
then well I brought to ende,
And litle volume with so fautes,
then lynes abrode to sende.
And of that woorke what men reporte,
In sothe I never wist.
But well I wotte, it may be thought
so yll, that litle lyst
I haue to dooe the like: Wherof
though myne be all the blame,
And all to me imputed is,
that passeth in my name:
Yet as of some I will confesse
that I the author was,
And fawtes so many made my selfe
when I that booke lette pas
Out of my handes: so must I me
excuse, of other some.
For when to lygne of Hande and Starre
I chaunced lyst to come,

To Printers hands I gaue the worke:
by whome I had suche wrong,
That though my selfe perusde their prooues
the fyrst tyme, yet ere long
When I was gone, they wolde agayne
the print therof renewe,
Corrupted all: in suche a sorte,
that scant a sentence trewe
Now flythe abroade as I it wrote.
which thyng when I had tryde,
And fowrescore greater fautes then myne
in fortie leaues espyde,
Small thanks (q I) for suche a worke
wolde Senec geue to me,
If he were yet a lyue, and shoulde
perhapps it chaunce to see.
And to the printer thus I sayde:
within these doores of thyne,
I make a vowe shall neuer more
come any worke of myne.
My frende (q Senec therwithall)
no meruayle therof ys:
They haue my selfe so wronged ofte,
And many things amys
Are doon by them in all my woorks.
suche fautes in euery booke
Of myne they make, (as well he may
it fynde that lyst to looke,)

That sense and latin, verse and all
they violate and breake,
And ofte what I yet neuer ment
they me enforce to speake.
It is the negligence of them,
and partly lacke of skill
That dooth the woorks with paynes well pend
full ofte disgrace and spill.
But as for that be nought abasht:
the wise will well it waye,
And learned men shall soone discerne
thy fautes from his, and saye,
Loe here the Printer dooth him wrong,
as easy is to trye:
And slaunder dooth the authors name,
and lewdly him belye.
But where thy yeares thou sayst lacke skyll,
mysdoute thou not (quoth he.)
I wil my selfe in these affayres,
a helper be to thee.
The Poetts tale I will expounde
and other places harde.
Thou shalt (nodoubte) synde some, that will
thy labour well regarde.
And therwithall, oh lorde he sayde,
now him I thinke vppone,
That here but late to litle liude,
and now from hens is gone.

Whose

Whose vertues rare in age so greene
bewrayde a worthy wight,
And towardnesse tryde of tender tyme,
how louely lampe of light
He woulde haue byn, if God had spaerde
his dayes, tyll suche tyme, whan
That elder age had abled him,
by grouthe to grauer man.
How thankfull thyng thinkst thou (quoth he)
woulde this to him haue beene,
If geuen to his name he might
a wourke of thine haue seene,
Whome duryng like he fauourde so?
but that may neuer be:
For gone he is, (alas the while)
thou shalt him neuer see,
Where breathyng bodyes dwell agayne:
nor neuer shalt thou more,
Eftsones with him of learnyng talke,
as thou wertt woont before.
Yet wayle no more for him (he sayde)
for he farre better is.
His seate he hath obtayned nowe,
among the starrs in blis.
And castyng brighter beames about,
then Phœbus golden glede,
Aboue the skies he lyues with Joue,
an other Ganymede:

In better place then Aquarie.
  Suche grace did God him gyue.
But though the sonne be gone, yet here
  dothe yet the father lyue.
And long might he this lyke enioye
  in heithe, and great encrease
Of honour and of vertue bothe,
  Tyll God his soule release
From corps to skyes: with right reward
  to recompense him there,
For truthe and trusty seruice doon,
  to prince and contrey here.
His goodnes loe thy selfe hast felte
  (q he) and that of late,
When he thee fayled not to helpe,
  and succour thyne estate.
To him it shall beseeme thee well
  some token for to shewe,
That of thy dutie whiche thou dooste
  for his deserts him owe
Thou myndfull arte, and how thou dooste
  thy diligence applie,
To thanke as powre may serue, and with
  thy pen to signifie,
A gratefull mynde. And though to light
  so litle trifle bee,
To geue to him that hath so muche
  alreadie doone for thee,

Yet syns thou canst none otherwyse
his honour yet requight,
Nor yet thy yeares doe thee permit
more waightie woorkes to wright.
This Christmas tyme thou mayste doe well
a peece therof to ende,
And many thanks in volume small,
as thee becomes to sende.
And tell him how for his estate,
thou doost thy prayers make:
And him in dayly vowes of thine,
to God aboue betake.
But for because the Printers all
haue greatly wronged mee,
To ease thee of thy paynes therin,
see what I bryng to thee.
He sayde: and therwithall, began
to ope the gylded booke
Whiche erst I tolde he bare in hand
and thervpon to looke.
The leaues within were fyne to feele,
and fayre to looke vppone,
As they with syluer had byn sleakte,
full cleare to see they shone.
Yet farre the letters did eche one
exceede the leaues in light,
More glorious then the glittryng golde,
and in the Eye more bright.

The featly framed lynes throughout
in meetest maner stande,
Wore worthy worke it was, then might
be made by mortall hande.
Therwith me thought a sauour sweete
I felt, so freshe that was,
That bedds of purple violett̄,
and Roles farre did pas.
No princes perfume like to it,
in chamber of estate:
I wiste it was some thyng diuine,
did me so recreate.
I felt my selfe refreshed muche,
well quickned were my witt̄,
And often tymes of pleasure great
I had so ioyfull fitt̄,
That walkyng now I will confesse,
you may beleeue me well.
Great hoorde of golde I wolde refuse
in suche delights to dwell,
As in that dreame I had. anone,
me thought I asked him,
What booke it was he bare in hand,
that showde and smelde so trim.
These are (q he) the Tragedies
in deede of Seneca,
The Muse her selfe them truly writ,
that hight Melpomena.

In

The Preface.

In Parnase princely palaice highe,
the garnisshed this booke,
The Ladies haue of Helicon
great ioy theron to looke:
When walkyng in theyr aleys sweete
the flowres so freshe they treade,
And in the midst of them me place,
my Tragedies to reade.
These leaues that fyne as veluet feele,
and parchement like in sight,
Of feate fyne Fawnes they are the skyns,
suche as no mortall wight
May come vnto: but with the which
the muses woont to playe,
In gardens still with grasse full greene,
that garnisht are full gaye.
There fostred are these litle beasts,
and fed with Mules mylke,
Their whitest hands and feete they lycke,
with tongue as softe as sylke.
Theyr heare not suche as haue the hearde,
of other common Deare,
But silken skyns of purple hewe,
lyke veluet fyne they weare.
With proper featly framed feete,
about the arbours greene
They trippe and daunce before these dames,
full seemely to be seene:

And then theyr golden hornes adowne
in Ladies lappes they lay,
A greate delight those systers nyne,
haue with these Fawnes to play.
Of chyns of them this parchment loe
that chynes so kayze they make,
When ought they woulde with hande of theyrs,
to written booke betake.
This gorgeous glyttryng golden Inke,
so precious thyng to see,
Geue care and wherof made it is,
I shall declare to thee.
Fayre trees amyd theyr Paradise,
there are of euery kynde,
Where euery feute that boughe bryngs foorthe,
a man may euer fynde.
And deynties suche as princes wont,
with proudest price to bie,
Great plentie therof may be seene,
hang there on branches hie.
The Plumme, the Peare, the Fygge, the Date,
Powngarnet wants not theare,
The Orynge and the Olyue tree,
full plenteously doe beare.
Ye there the golden Apples hang,
whiche once a thyng muche worthe
To ioye the weddyng day of Ioue,
the soyle it selfe brought forthe.

There

There Daphne stands transformde to tree,
that greene is styll to sight,
That was sometyme the loued Nymphe
so fayre, of Phœbus bright.
Not farre from frute so ryche, that once
did wakyng dragon keepe
Dothe Myrrha stande, with wofull teares
that yet dothe wayle and weepe.
Her teares congealed hard to gumme,
that sauour sweete dothe cast,
It is that makes to leake so fyne,
this Inke to cleane so fast.
But with what water is this Inke
thus made, now learne (quoth hee)
The secrets of the sacred mounte,
I wyll declare to thee.
Aboue the rest a Cedre hyghe,
of haughtie toppe there growes
With bendyng braunches farre abrode,
on soyle that shadowe showes.
In toppe wherof do hang full hie,
the pennes of poetts olde,
And polyes purtred for theyr prayse,
in letters all of golde.
In shade wherof a banquet house
there stands of great delight,
For Muses ioyes, the walls are made
of marble fayre in sight

Fowze square: an Iuery turret stands
at euery cozner hye,
The nookes and toppes doth beaten golde,
and amell ouerlye.
In fulgent seate dothe sleeyng Fame,
there syt full hyghe from grounde,
And pzayse of Pallas poets sends
to starres with trumpetts sounde.
The gate therof so strong and sure,
it neede no watche noz warde
A woondzous wozke it is to see,
of Adamant full harde.
With nyne sure locks wherof of one
eche ladye kepes the kaye,
That none of them may come therin
when other are awaye.
The flooze within with emrawds greene,
ys paued fayze and seate,
The boozde and benches rownde about,
are made of pure blacke geate.
The lute, the harpe, the cytheron,
the shaulme, the shagbut eke,
The vyall and the vyzginell,
no mulyke there to seeke.
About the walls moze wozthy wozke
then made by moztall hande,
The poetts paynted pyctures all
in seemely ozder stande:

With colours suche so lyuely layde,
that at that sight I weene,
Apelles penstyle wouldе beare backe,
abashed to be seene.
There Homere, Ouide, Horace ehe
full featlye purtred bee,
And there not in the lowest place,
they haue described mee.
There Virgyle, Lucane, Palingene,
and rest of poetts all
Do stande, and there from this date forthe,
full many other shall.
For now that house by manye yardes,
enlarged out they haue,
Wherby they myght in wyder wall
the Images engraue,
And paynte the pyctures more at large,
of hundreds, englysshe men,
That geeue theyr tongue a greatter grace,
by pure and paynfull pen.
In mydst of all this wourthy worke,
there runns a pleasant spryng,
That is of all the paradyse,
the most delycious thyng.
That rounde about enclosed is,
with wall of Jasper stone:
The ladies let no wight therin,
but euen them selues alone.

The

The water shynes lyke golde in syght,
and sweetest is to smell,
Full often tymes they bathe them selues,
within that bysshull well.
With water thereof they this Inke
haue made that wryt this booke,
And lycenst me to bryng it downe,
for thee theron to looke.
Thou maist beleeue it trewly wrote,
and trust in euery whit
For here hathe neuer prynters preste
made faute, nor neuer yet,
Same errour here by myste of man.
in sacred seate on hye,
They haue it wryt, in all whose woorkes,
theyr pen can make no lye.
This booke shall greatly thee auayle,
to see how Prynters mys,
In all my woorkes, and all theyr fautes,
thou mayste correcte by thys.
And more then that, this golden spryng,
with whiche I haue the tolde
This ynke so bryght thus made to bee,
suche propertee dothe holde,
That who therof the sauour feeles,
his wytt shall quickned bee,
And spryghts reuyude in woondrous wyse,
as now it happs to thee.

Louis

Come on therfore whyle helpe thou haste
he sayde, and therwithall
Euen at Thyestes chaunced fyrst,
the leaues abrode to fall.
Euen here (q he) yf it the pleasse
begyn, now take thy pen
Moste dyre debates describe, of all
that euer chaunst to men.
And whiche the godds abhorde to see.
The summe of all the stryfe
Now harken to. Thyestes kepes
his brother Atreus wyfe,
And ramme with golden fleece: but yet
do the Atreus frendship fayne
With him, tyll tyme for fathers fode
he hathe his children slayne,
And dishes drest. he sayde, and then
begun to reade the booke:
I satte attent, and therupon
I fyxed fast my looke.
Fyrst how the furye drawe the sprysghe
of Tantalus from hell
To styre the stryfe, I harde hym reade,
and all expounde full well.
Full many pleasant poetts tales
that dyd me please I harde,
And euermore to booke so fayre,
I had a great regarde.

Wherby

Wherby I sawe how often tymes
the Printers dyd him wrong.
Now Gryphyus, Colinæus now,
and now and then among
The Aldus blamde, with all the rest
that in his woorks do mys
Of sence or verse: and styll my booke,
I did correcte by hys.
The god of sleepe had harde all this,
when tyme for him it was,
To denns of slumber whence he came,
agayne awaie to pas.
The kercher bounde about my browes,
dypt all in Lymbo lake,
He strayght vnknyt, away he fleeth,
and I begoon to wake.
When rownde I rollde mine eyes about,
and sawe my selfe alone,
In vayne I Sener Sener cryde,
the Poete now was gone.
For woe wherof I gan to weepe,
O godds (quoth I) vnkynde,
Ye are to blame with shapes so vayne
our mortall eyes to biynde.
What goodly gayne get you therby,
ye shoulde vs so begyyle,
And fantsies feede with ioyes, that last
alas to lyttle whyle?

I Wor-

I Morpheus curst a thousande tymes,
that he had made me sleepe
At all, or ells that he me wolde,
in dreame no longer keepe.
And neuer were my ioyes so greate,
in sleepe so sweete before,
But now as greeuous was my woe,
alas and ten tymes more,
My selfe without the poets there,
thus lefte alone to see,
And all delights of former dreame,
thus vanysshed to bee.
Somtyme I curst, somtyme I cryde,
lyke wight that waxed woode,
Or Panther of hir pray depryude,
or Tygre of her broode.
A thousande tymes my colour goes,
and comes as ofte agayne,
About I walkte, I might no where,
in quyet rest remayne.
In woondrous wyse I vexed was,
that neuer man I weene
So soone, might after late delights,
in suche a pangue be seene.
O thou Megæra then I sayde,
if might of thyne it bee,
Wherwith thou Tantall droauste from hell,
that thus dysturbeth mee,

Enspyre

The Preface.

Enspyre my pen: with pensyuenes
this Tragedie t'endyght,
And as so dredfull thyng beseemes,
with dolefull style to wryght.
This sayde, I felte the furies fyre
enflame me more and more,
And ten tymes more now chaste I was,
then euer yet before.
My heare stoode vp, I waxed woode,
my synewes all dyd shake,
And as the furye had me vext,
my teethe began to ake.
And thus enflamde with fyre of hir,
I sayde it shoulde be doon,
And downe I sate with pen in hande,
and thus my verse begoon.

The speakers.

Tantalus.	Megæra.
Atreus.	Seruant.
Thyestes.	Philistenes.
Messenger.	Chorus.

THYESTES OF Seneca.

The fyrſt Acte.

Tantalus. Megæra.

What furye fell enforceth me
to flee thunhappie ſeate,
That gape and gaſpe wᵗ greedy iawe,
the fleeyng foode to eate?
What god to Tantalus the bowzes
where breathyng bodies dwell
Doth ſhowe againe? is ought found (woꝛſe
then burning thurſt of hell
In lakes alowe? oꝛ yet woꝛſe plague
then hunger is there one,
In vayne that euer gapes foꝛ foode?
ſhall Siſyphus his ſtone,
That ſlypper reſtles rollyng payſe
vpon my backe be boꝛne?
Oꝛ ſhall my lymmꝛ with ſwyfter ſwyngs
of whirlyng wheele be toꝛne?
Oꝛ ſhall my paynes be Tityus pangꝛ
thencreaſyng lyuer ſtyll,
Whoſe growyng guttꝛ the gnawyng gryppes
and fylthie foules doe fyll?

That ſtyll by night repayres the panche
that was deuowrde by daie,
And wondrous wombe vnwaſted lythe
a new prepared praie.
What yll am I appoynted for?
O cruell iudge of ſprights,
Who ſo thou be that torments newe
among the ſoules delights
Styll to dyſpoſe, adde what thou canſt
to all my deadly woe,
That keper euen of dungeon darke
wolde ſore abhorre to knoe,
Or hell it ſelfe it quake to ſee:
for dreade wherof lykewyſe
I tremble wouide, that plague ſeeke out:
Loe nowe there dothe aryſe
My broode, that ſhall in miſchiefe farre
the grandſiers gylt out goe.
And gyltles make: that hyrſt ſhall dare
vnuentred ylls to doe.
What euer place remaineth yet
of all this wycked lande,
I will fyll vp: and neuer once
while Pelops houſe dothe ſtande
Shall Minos idle be. Meg. goe forth
thou deteſtable ſpright,
And vexe the godds of wycked houſe
with rage of furies might.

Let them contende with all offence,
by turnes and one by one
Let swoordes be drawen: and meane of ire
procure there mate be none,
Nor shame: let furie blynde enflame
their myndes and wrathfull wyll,
Let yet the parentz rage endure,
and longer lasting yll,
Through childerns childern spreade: nor yet
let any leysure be
The former fawte to hate, but styll
more mischiefe newe to see,
Nor one in one: but ere the gylt
with vengeaunce be acquyt,
Encrease the cryme: from brethern proude
let rule of kyngdome flyt,
To runagates: and swarying state
of all unstable things,
Let it by doubtfull dome be toste,
betwene thuncertayne kyngs.
Let mightie fall to miserie,
and myser clyme to myght,
Let chaunce turne thempyre up so downe
both geue and take the ryght.
The banyshed for gylt, whan gods
restore theyr countrey shall,
Let them to mischiefe fall a freshe:
as hatefull then to all,

As to them ſelues: let Ire thinke nought
vnlawfull to be doon.
Let brother dreade the brothers wrathe,
and father feare the ſoon,
And eke the ſoon his parents powre.
let babes be murdered yll,
But woorſe begotte: her ſpouſe betrapt
in treaſons trayne to kyll,
Let hatefull wyfe awayte. and let
them beare through ſeas their warre,
Let bloodſhed lye the lands about
and euery feelde afarre:
And ouer conquerynge captaynes greate,
of countreys farre to ſee,
Let luſte tryumphe: in wycked houſe
let whoordome counted be
The lightſt offenſe: let truſt that in
the breaſts of brethern breedes,
And truthe be gone: let not from light
of your ſo heynous deedes
The heauens be hyd, about the poale
when ſhyne the ſtarres on hye,
And flames with woonted beames of light
doe decke the paynted ſkye.
Let darkeſt night be made, and let
the daye the heauens forſake.
Dyſturbe the godds of wycked houſe,
hate, ſlaughter, murder make.

Fyll vp the houſe of Tantalus
with miſchieues and debates.
Adorned be the pyllers hyghe,
with baye and let the gates
Be garnyſht greene: and wooythie there
for thy returne to ſyght,
Be kyndled fyre: let myſchiefe doone
in Thracia onſe, there lyght
More manyfolde. wherfore dothe yet
the vncles hande delaie?
Dothe yet Tyeſtes not bewayle
his childerns fatall daye?
Shall he not fynde them where with heate
of fyres that vnder glowe
The cawdern boyles? their lymmes eche one
a peeces let them goe
Diſperſte: let fathers fires, with blood
of childern fyled bee:
Let deyntie ſuche be dreſte: it is
no myſchiefe newe to thee,
To banquet ſo: beholde, this daie
we haue to the releaſte,
And hunger ſtarued wombe of thyne
we ſende to ſuche a feaſte.
With fowleſt foode thy kampyne fyll,
let bloode in wyne be drowned,
And droonke in ſyght of thee: loe nowe
ſuche dyſhes haue I founde,

As thou wouldſt ſhonne. ſtaie whither doſte
thou hedlong waie nowe take?
Tan. To pooles and flood? of hell agayne,
and ſtyll declynyng lake,
And flight of tree full fraight with fruite
that from the lyppes dothe flee,
To dungeon darke of hatefull hell
Let leefull be for mee
To goe: or if to light be thought
the paynes that there I haue,
Remoue me from thoſe lakes agayne:
in mydſt of worſer waue
Of Phleghethon to ſtande, in ſeas
of fyre beſette to be.
Who ſo beneath thy poynted paynes
by deſtenies decree
Dooſte ſtyll endure, who ſo thou be
that vnderlieſt alowe
The hollowe denne, or ruyne who
that feares and ouerthrowe
Of falling hyll, or cruell eyes
that ſounde in caues of hell
Of greedy roaryng lyons throates,
or flocke of furies fell
Who quakes to knowe, or who the brand?
of fyre, in dyreſt payne
Halfe burnte throwes of, harke to the voice
of Tantalus: agayne

That

That hastes to hell. and (whom the truthe
hath taught) beleue well mee
Loue well your paynes, they are but small.
when shall my happe so bee
To flee the lyght? Meg. disturbe thou fyrst
this house with dyre discorde:
Debates and batteis bryng with thee,
and of th'unhappie swoorde
Ill ioue to kynges: the cruell brest
stryke thyrough and hatefull harte,
With tumulte madde. Tan. To suffre paynes
it seemeth well my parte,
Not woes to woorke: I am sent forth
lyke vapour dyre to ryse,
That breakes the ground, or poyson lyke
the plague, in wondrowse wyse
That slaughter makes. shall I to suche
detested crymes, applye
My nephewes hartes? o parentz greate
of goddz aboue the skye,
And myne, (though shaunde I be to graunte,)
although with greatter payne
My tounge be vexte, yet this to speake
I maie no whit refrayne,
Nor holde my peace: I warne you this,
leaste sacred hand with bloode
Of slaughter dyre, or frantic fell
of frantyke furie woode

The aulters ſtayne, I will reſyſte:
And garde ſuche gylt awaye.
With ſtryppes why dooſte thou me affryght?
why threatſt thou me to fraye
Thoſe crallyng ſnakes? or kampyne fyre
in emptie wombe, wherfore
Dooſte thou reuyue? nowe fryes within
with thyrſt enkyndled ſore
My hart: and in the bowels burnte,
the boylyng flames doe glowe.
Meg. I followe thee: through all this houſe
nowe rage and furie throwe.
Let them be dryuen ſo, and ſo
let eyther thyrſt to ſee
Eche others blood. full well hathe felte
the cummyng in of thee
This houſe: and all with wycked touche
of the begun to quake.
Enough it is. repayre agayne
to denns and lothſome lake,
Of floode well knowne. the ladder ſoyle
with heauy foote of thyne
Agreeued is. ſeeſte thou from ſpryngs
howe waters doe decline
And inwarde ſynke? or howe the bankes
lye voyde by droughtie heate?
And whotter blaſt of fyrie wynde
the fewer cloudes dothe beate?

The treese be spoylide, and naked stande
to sight in withred woodds,
The barayne bowes whose frutes are fled:
the lande betweene the floodds,
With surge of seas on either syde
that woonted to resounde,
And neerer foordes to separate
somtime with lesser grounde,
Nowe broader spredde, it heareth howe
aloofe the waters ryse.
Now Lerna turnes agaynst the streame,
Phoronides lykewyse,
His poares be stoppte. with customde course
Alphéus driues not still,
His hollie waues. the trembiyng topps
of highe Cithæron hill,
They stande not sure: from height adowne
they shake theyr syluer snowe,
And noble feeldes of Argos feare,
theyr former drought to knowe.
Yea Titan doubtes him selfe, to rolle
the worlde his woonted waye,
And driue by force to former course
The backwarde drawyng daye.

Chorus.

THis Argos towne if any God be founde,
and Piley bowres that famous yet remaine,
Or kyngdomes els to loue of Lozinthꝫ grounde,
the double hauens, or foondred seas in twayne,
If any loue Taygetus his snowes,
(by winter whiche when they on hillꝫ be cast,
By Boreas blasts that from Sarmatia blowes,
with perely breathe the sommes melts as fast,)
Where cleere Alphéus roons, with floude so colde,
By plaies well knowne that there olimpikꝫ hight:
Let pleasant powre of his from hense withholde
suche turnes of strife, that here they may not light:
Nor nephew woorse then grandsier spryng from vs,
or dyrer deedes delight the yonger age.
Let wicked stocke of thyrstie Tantalus,
at lengthe leaue of, and wery be of rage.
Enoughe is doone, and nought preuailde the iust,
or wrong: betrayde is Myrtilus and drownde,
That did betray his dame: and with lyke trust
borne as he bare, himselfe hath made renounde
With changed name the sea: and better knowne
to mariners therof no fable is.
On wicked swoorde the litle infant throwne,
as ran the childe to take his fathers kis.

Unripe

Unripe for thaulters offryng fell downe deade:
and with thy hand (o Tantalus) was rent,
With suche a meate for gods thy boordes to spreade.
eternall famine for suche foode is sent,
And thyrst: nor for those deyntie meates vnmilde,
might meeter payne apoynted euer bee.
With emptie throate stands Tantalus beguilde,
aboue thy wisked hed there leanes to thee,
Then Phineys fowles in flight a swifter prate.
with burdned bowes declinde on euery syde,
And of his fruites all bent to beare the swaie,
the tree deludes the gapes of hunger wyde.
Though he full greedie, feede theron wouldefaine,
so ofte disceyude neglects to touche them yet:
He turnes his eyes, his iawes he doth refrayne,
and famine fixt in cloſed gumms doth shet.
But then eche branche his plenteous ritches all,
letts lower downe: and apples from on hie
With lyther leaues they flatter like to fall,
and famine spyre: in vayne that bidds to trie
His hands: whiche when he hathe rought foorthe anone
to be beguilde, in higher ayre agayne
The harueſt hangs, and fickle fruite is gone.
then thirſt him greeues no leſſe then hungers payne:
Wherwith when kindled is his boyling blood
lyke fyre, the wretche the waues to him dothe call,
That weete his mouthe: whiche straight the fleeyng flood
withdrawes, and from the dried foorde doth fall:

And

And him forſakes that followes them. He drinkes
the duſte ſo deepe of gulphe that from him ſhrinkes.

The ſeconde Acte.

Atreus. Seruant.

O Baſtarde, cowrde, o wretche, and (whiche
the greateſt yet of all
To tyrants checke, I counte that maye
in waightie thyngs befall,)
O vnreuenged: after gilts
ſo greate, and brothers guyle,
And truthe trode downe, dooſte thou prouoke
with vayne complaynts the whyle
Thy wrathe? alredie nowe to rage
all Argos towne throughout
In armour ought of thine, and all
the double ſeas about
Thy fleete to ryde: nowe all the keeldes
with feruent flames of thyne,
And townes to flaſche it well beſeemde:
and euery where to ſhyne,
The bright drawne ſworde: all vnder foote
of horſe let euerie ſyde
Of Argos lande reſounde: and let
the woods not ſcrue to hyde

Our

Our foes, nor yet in haughtie toppe
of hills and mountaynes hie,
The builded towres. The people all
let them to battayle crie,
And cleere forsake Mycenas towne.
who is his hatefull hed
Hydes and defends, with slaughter dyre
let bloud of him be shed.
This pryncely Pelops palaice proude
and bowres of highe renowne,
On me so on my brother too,
let them be beaten downe.
Goe to, do that whiche neuer shall
no after age allowe,
Nor none it whisht: some mischefe greate
there must be ventred nowe,
Bothe fierce and bloudie: suche as wolde
my brother rather long
To haue byn his. Thou neuer dooste
enoughe reuenge the wrong,
Except thou passe. And feercer facte
what may be doone so dyre,
That his exceedes? doothe euer he
lay downe his hatefull yre?
Doothe euer he the modest meane
in tyme of welthe regarde?
Or quiet in aduersitee?
I knowe his nature harde

Untractable,

Intractable, that broke may be,
but neuer will it bende.
For whiche ere he prepare him ſelfe,
or force to fight entende,
Set fyrſt on him: leaſt while I reſt
he ſhould on me ariſe.
He will deſtroy or be deſtroyde,
in midſt the miſchiefe lies,
Preparde to him that takes it firſt.
Ser. Doothe fame of people nought
Aduerſe thee feare? Atre. The greateſt good
of kyngdome may be thought,
That ſtill the people are conſtraynde
theyr princes deedes as well
To praiſe, as them to ſuffer all.
Ser. Whome feare dothe ſo compell
To prayſe, the fame his foes to be,
doothe feare enforce agayne:
But who in deede the glory ſeekes
of fauour true tobtayne,
He rather wolde with harts of eche
be prayſde, then tongues of all.
Atre. The true prayſe full ofte hathe hapte
to meaner men to fall:
The falſe but vnto mightie man.
what will they, let them wyll.
Ser. Let firſt the kyng will honeſt thyngs,
and none the fame dare nyll.

Atre.

Atre. Where leefull are to him that rules
but honeſt thynges alone,
There raygnes the kyng by others leaue.
Ser. And where that ſhame is none,
Nor care of right, kaythe, pietie,
nor holines none ſtaythe,
That kyngdome ſwarues. Atre. Suche holines,
ſuche pietie, and kaythe,
Are priuate goods: let kyngs run on
in that that likes their will.
Ser. The brothers hurt a myſchiefe counte,
though he be neare ſo ill.
Atre. It is but right to doe to him,
that wrong to brother were.
What heynous hurt hathe his offenſe
let paſſe to proue? or where
Refraynde the gilt? my ſpouſe he ſtale
away for lecherie,
And raygne by ſtelthe: the auncient note
and ſygne of imperie,
By fraude he gotte: my houſe by fraude
to vexe he neuer ceaſte.
In Pelops houſe there koſtred is
a noble worthy beaſte,
The cloſe kept Ramme: the goodly guide
of kritche and kayreſt flockes.
By whome through out on euery ſyde
depend a downe the lockes

Of

Of glittryng golde, with fleece of whiche
the new kyngs woonted weare
Of Tantalis ſtocke their ſceptors guile
and mace of might to beare.
Of this the owner raigneth he:
with him of houſe ſo gret
The fortune fleethe: this ſacred Rãme
a looke in ſaftie ſhet,
In ſecret meade is wonte to grale,
whiche ſtone on euery ſyde
With rockie wall encloſeth rounde
the fatall beaſt to hyde.
This beaſt (aduentryng miſchiefe great)
adioynyng yet for praie
My ſpouſed mate, the traytour faile
hathe hens conuayde awaie.
From hens the wrongs of mutuall hate,
and miſchefe all vp ſprong:
In exile wandred he, through out
my kyngdomes all a long:
No parte of myne remayneth ſafe
to me, from traynes of his.
My feerce deflourde, and loyaltie
of empyre broken is:
My houſe all vext, my bloud in doubte,
and nought that truſt is in,
But brother foe. What ſtaieſt thou yet:
at lengthe loe now begin.

Take

Take hart of Tantalus to thee,
to Pelops cast thine eye:
To suche examples well beseemes,
I should my hands applye.
Tell thou whiche way were best to bryng
that cruell hed to deathe.
Ser. Through perste with swoorde let him be slaine
and yelde his hatefull breathe.
Atre. Thou speakst of thende: but I him wolde
oppresse with greter payne.
Let tyrants vexe with torment more:
shoulde euer in my rayne
Be gentle deathe? Ser. Dothe pitie
in thee preuaile no whit?
Atre. Departe thou hens all pitie,
if in this house as yet
Thou euer werte: and now let all
the flocke of furies dyre,
And full of strife Erinnys come,
and double brands of fyre
Megæra shakyng: for not yet
enough with furie greate
And rage dothe burne my boyling brest:
it ought to be repleate,
With monster more. Ser. What mischefe new
dooste thou in rage prouide?
Atre. Not suche a one as may the meane
of woonted greefe abide,

No gilt will I forbeare, nor none
may be enoughe deſpight.
Ser. What ſworde? Atr. To litle that. Ser. what fire?
Atre. And that is yet to light.
Ser. What weapon then ſhall ſorow ſuche
fynde fit to worke thy wyll?
Atre. Thyeſtes ſelfe. Ser. Then yze it ſelf
yet thats a greater yll.
Atr. I graunte: a tombling tumulte quakes, within
my boſomes loe,
And rounde it rolles: I moued am
and wote not whervnto.
But drawen I am: from botome deepe
the roryng foyle dothe crie
The day ſo fayre with thounder ſoundes,
and houſe as all from hie
Were rent, from roofe, and rafters craks:
and lares turnde abought
Haue wryde theyr fyght: ſo beete, ſo beete,
let miſchiefe ſuche be ſought,
As ye O gods wolde feare. Ser. What thyng
ſeekſte thou to bryng to pas?
I note what greater thyng my mynde,
and more then woont it was
Aboue the reatche that men are woont
to worke, begyns to ſwell:
And ſtaythe with ſlouthfull hands. What thyng
it is I can not tell:

Bul

But great it is. Beete so, my mynde
now in this feate proceede,
For Atreus and Thyestes bothe,
it were a worthy deede.
Let eche of vs the crime commit.
The Thracian house did se
Suche wicked tables once: I graunte
the mischiefe great to be,
But done ere this: some greater gilt
and mischiefe more, let yee
Fynde out. The stomak of thy sonne
o father thou enspyre,
And syster eke, lyke is the cause:
assist me with your powre,
And dryue my hande: let gredy pa-
rents all his babes devowre,
And glad to rent his children be:
and on their lyms to feede.
Enough, and well it is deuysde:
this pleaseth me in deede.
In meane time where is he? so long
and innocent wherfore
Doth Atreus walke? before myne eyes
alredie more and more
The shade of suche a slaughter walkes:
the want of children cast,
In fathers lawes. But why my mynde,
yet dreadst thou so at last,

And kayntst before thou enterprise:
it must be doone, let be.
That whiche in all this mischefe is
the greatest gilt to se,
Let him commit. Ser. but what discepte
may we for him prepare,
Wherby betrapt he may be drawen,
to fall into the snare?
He wotes full well we are his foes.
Atre. He coulde not taken be,
Except him selfe woulde take: but now
my kyngdomes hopeth he.
For hope of this he wolde not feare
to meete the mightie Ioue,
Though him he thretned to destroy,
with lightenyng from aboue.
For hope of this to passe the threat
of waues he will not kayle,
Nor dread no whit by doubtfull shelues,
of Lybike seas to sayle.
For hope of this (whiche thyng he dothe
the woorst of all beleeue,)
He will his brother see. Ser. Who shall
of peace the promise geeue?
Whome wyll he trust? Atre. His euill hope
will soone beleue it well.
Yet to my sons the charge which they
shall to theyr vnkle tell,

We

We will commit: that home he wouldе
from exyle come againe,
And miſeries for kyngdome chaunge,
and ouer Argos raygne
A kyng of halfe: and though to harde
of hart our prayers all
Him ſelf deſpiſe, his children yet
nought wotyng what may fall,
With trauels tierde, and apte to be
entyſde from miſerie,
Requeſts will moue: on thone ſyde his
deſyre of Imperie,
On thother ſyde his pouertie,
and labour harde to ſee,
Wyll him ſubdue and make to yelde,
although full ſtoute he bee.
Ser. His trauells now the time hath made
to ſeeme to him but ſmall.
Atre. Not ſo: for day by day the greeke
ſkyll encreaſeth all.
Tys light to ſuffer miſeries,
but heuy them t'endure.
Ser. Yet other meſſengers to ſende,
in ſuche affayres procure.
Atre. The ponger ſorte the worſe precepts
do eaſelie harken to.
Ser. What thyng againſt their vnkle now,
you them enſtrukte to do,

Perhaps with you to worke the like,
they will not be a dred.
Suche mischiefe wrought hath ofte returnde
vpon the workers hed.
Atre. Though neuer man to them the wayes
of guile and gile haue taught,
Yet kyngdome will. Feareſt thou they ſhoulde
be made by counſell naught?
They are ſo borne. That whiche thou calſte
a cruell enterpryſe,
And dyrely deemeſt doone to be,
and wickedly likewyſe,
Perhaps is wrought againſt me there.
Ser. And ſhall your ſoons of this
Diſcepte beware that worke you will?
no ſecretnes there is
In theyr ſo greene and tender yeres:
they will your traynes diſcloſe.
Atre. A priuie counſell cloaſe to keepe,
is learnde with many woes.
Ser. And will ye them, by whome ye woulde
he ſhoulde beguiled bee,
Them ſelues beguilde? At. May let thē bothe
from faute and blame be free.
For what ſhall neede in miſchiefes ſuche
as I to worke entende,
To myngle them? let all my hate
by me alone take ende.

Thou

Thou leauste thy purpose yll my minde:
yf thou thine owne forbeare,
Thou sparest him. Wherfore of this
let Agamemnon heare
Be minister: and client eke
of mine for suche a deede,
Let Menelâus present be:
truthe of thuncertaine seede,
By suche a practise may be tride:
if it refuse they shall,
Nor of debate will bearers be,
if they him vnkle call,
He is their father: let them goe.
but muche the fearfull face
Bewrayes it selfe: euen him that faynes
the secret wayghtie case,
Dothe ofte betray: let them therfore
not know, how greate a guyle
They goe about. And thou these thyngs
in secret keepe the whyle.
Ser. I neede not warned be, for these
within my bosome deepe,
Bothe faythe, and feare, but chiefely faythe,
dothe shet and closely keepe.

Chorus.

THe noble houſe at lengthe of highe renowne,
the famous ſtocke of auncient Inachus,
Appeaſde and layde the threats of brethern downe.
but now what furie ſtyrs and dipues you thus,
Eche one to thyrſt the others bloud agayne,
or get by gylt the golden mace in hande?
Ye litle wote that ſo deſyre to raygne,
in what eſtate or place dothe kyngdome ſtande.
Not ritches make a kyng or highe renowne,
not garniſht weede with purple Tyrian die,
Not lofcie lookes, or head encloaſde with crowne,
not glitteryng beames with golde and turretts hie.
A kyng he is, that feare hath layde aſyde,
and all affects that in the breſt are bred:
Whome impotent ambition dothe not guyde,
nor fickle fauour hathe of people led.
Nor all that weſt in metalls mynes hath founde,
or chanell cleere of golden Tagus ſhowes,
Nor all the grayne that thraſhed is on grounde,
that with the heate of libyk harueſt glowes.
Nor whome the flaſche of lightenyng flame ſhall beate,
nor eaſtern wynde that ſmites vppon the ſeas,
Nor ſwellyng ſurge with rage of wynde repleate,
or greedie gulphe of Adria diſpleaſe.

Whome

Whome not the pricke of souldiers sharpest speare,
or poynted pyke in hand hath made to rue,
Nor whome the glympse of swoorde myght cause to feare,
or bright drawen blade of glyttryng steele subdue.
Who in the seate of saftie settz his feete,
beholdes all happs how vnder him they lye,
And gladlie runs his fatall daie to meete,
nor ought complaynes or grudgeth for to dye.
Though present were the prynces euery chone,
the scattered Dakes to chase that woonted be,
That shynyng seas beset with precious stone,
and red sea coastes doe holde, lyke bloude to see:
Or they which els the Caspian mountaynes hye,
from Sarmats strong with all theyr power withholde:
Or he that on the floude of Danubye,
in frost a foote to trauayle dare be bolde:
Or Seres in what euer place they lye,
renounde with fleece that there of sylke dothe spryng,
They neuer myght the truthe hereof denye,
it is the mynde that onely makes a kyng.
There is no neede of sturdie steedes in warre,
no neede with armes or arrowes els to fyght,
That Parthus woontz with bowe to fling from farre,
while from the feelde he falsely fayneth flight.
Nor yet to siege no neede it is to brynge,
great goons in cartz to ouerthrowe the wall,
That from far of theyr battryng pellettes slyng,
a kyng he is that feareth nought at all.

Ethe man him ſelfe this kyngdome geeues at hande.
let who ſo lyſt with myghtie mace to raygne,
In tyckle toppe of court delyght to ſtande.
let me the ſweete and quiet reſt obtayne.
So ſette in place obſcure and lowe degree,
of pleaſaunt reſt I ſhall the ſweetnes knoe.
My lyfe vnknowne to them that noble be,
ſhall in the ſteppe of ſecret ſylence goe.
Thus when my daies at length are ouerpaſt,
and tyme without all troublous tumulte ſpent,
In aged man I ſhall departe at laſt,
In meane eſtate, to dye full well content.
But greuous is to him the deathe, that when
ſo farre abrode the bruyte of him is blowne,
That knowne he is to muche to other men:
departeth yet vnto him ſelfe vnknowne.

The thyrde Acte.

Thyeſtes. Phyliſthenes.

MY countrey bowres ſo long wyſht for,
and Argos ryches all,
Theſe good that vnto banyſht men,
and myſers maie befall,
The touche of ſoyle where borne I was,
and goddes of natyue lande,
(If goddes they be,) and ſacred towres
I ſee of Cyclops hande:

That

That repꝛesent then all mans woꝛke,
a greater maieſtie.
Renowned ſtadies to my youth,
where noble ſometyme I
Haue not ſo ſeelde as onſe, the palme
in fathers charyot woon.
All Argos now to meete with me,
and people faſt will roon:
But Acreus to. yet rather leade
in woods agayne thy flight,
And buſhes thicke, and hyd among
the bꝛutyſhe beaſtes from ſight,
Lyke lyke to theyꝛs: where ſplendent pompe
of court and pꝛincely pꝛyde,
May not with flattryng fulgent face,
allure thine eyes aſyde.
With whom the kyngdome geuen is,
beholde, and well regarde,
Beſet but late with ſuche miſhaps,
as all men counte full harde,
I ſtoute and ioyfull was: but now
agayne thus into feare
I am returnde. my mynde myſdoutes,
and backeward ſeekes to beare
My bodye hens: and foꝛthe I dꝛawe
my pace againſt my wyll.
Phy. With ſlouthfull ſteppe (what meaneth this?)
my father ſtandeth ſtill,

And

And turnes his face and holdes him ſelfe,
in doute what thyng to do.
Thy. What thyng (my mynde) conſyderſt thou?
or els ſo long wherto
Dooſte thou ſo eaſy counſayle wreſt?
wylt thou to thynges vnſure
Thy brother and the kyngdome truſt?
feareſt thou thoſe ils tendure
Now ouercome, and mielder made?
and trauayls dooſte thou flee
That well were plaſte? it the anayles,
a myſer now to bee.
Turne hens thy pace while leefull is,
and keepe thee from his hande.
Phyl. What cauſe the dryues (o father deere)
thus from thy native lande,
Now feene to ſhrynke? what makes thee thus
from thyngs ſo good at laſt
Withdrawe thy ſelfe? thy brother comes
whoſe ires be ouerpaſt,
And halfe the kyngdome geues, and of
the houſe Dyacerate,
Repayres the partes: and thee reſtores
agayne to former ſtate.
Thyeſt. The cauſe of feare that I know not,
thou dooſte requyre to heare.
I ſee nothyng that makes me dread,
and yet I greatly feare.

I woulde goe on, but yet my lymmes
with weery leggs doe slacke:
And other waie then I woulde passe,
I am withholden backe.
So ofte the shippe that driuen is
with winde and eke with oze,
The swellyng surge resistyng bothe,
beates backe vpon the shoze.
Phyl. Yet ouercome what euer stayes,
and thus doth let your mynde,
And see what are at your returne,
prepardе foz you to fynde.
You may o father raigne. Thy. I maie
but then when die I mought.
Ph. Theefe thing is powze. Th. nought wozth at all,
if thou desyze it nought.
Phyl. You shall it to your childzen leaue.
Thy. the kyngdome takes not twayne.
Phy. Who maie be happie, rather wolde
he myser yet remayne?
Thy. Beleue me well, with titles faire
the greate thyngs vs delight:
And heupe happs in vayne are feardе.
while high I stoode in sight,
I neuer stynted then to quake,
and selfe same swozde to feare,
That hanged by myne owne syde was.
Oh how great good it were,

With

With none to ſtriue, but careles foode
to eate and reſt to knowe:
The greater gylts they enter not
in cotage lette alowe:
And laker foode is fed vpon,
at narrowe boorde alwaye,
While dronke in golde the poyſon is:
by proofe well taught I laye,
That euyll happs before the good
to loue it lykes my wyll.
Of haughtie houſe that ſtands aloſte
in tickle toppe of hyll,
And ſwayes-alyde, the citee lowe
neede neuer be affryght:
Nor in the toppe of rooke aboue,
there shynes no Iuery bright,
Nor watcheman none defendes my ſleepes
by night, or gardes my reſt:
With fleete I fyſhe not, nor the ſeas
I haue not backwarde preſt,
Nor turnde to flight with builded wall:
nor wicked belly I
With taxes of the people fedde:
nor parceil none doth ly,
Of grounde of mine beyonde the Getes:
and Parthians farre about:
Nor worſhiped with francanſence
I am, nor (Ioue shette out)

My

My Aulters decked are: nor none
in toppe of houſe doth ſtande
In garden treeſe, nor kyndled yet
with helpe of eche mans hande,
The bathes doe ſmoke: nor yet are dayes
in ſlouthfull ſlumbers led,
Nor nightes paſte foorth in watche and wine,
without the reſt of bed.
We nothyng feare, the houſe is faſe
without the hydden knyfe,
And poore eſtate the ſweetenes feeles,
of reſt and quyet lyfe.
Greate kyngdome is to be cõtent,
without the ſame to lyue.
Phy. Yet ſhoulde it not refuſed be,
if god the kyngdome gyue.
Thy. Not yet deſyred it ought to be.
Phy. your brother bydds you rayne.
Thy. Bydds he? the more is to be feared:
there lurketh there ſome trayne.
Phy. From whens it fell, yet pietie
is woonte to turne at lengthe:
And lone vnfaynde, repayres agayne
his erſte omitted ſtrengthe.
Thy. Wothe Atreus then his brother lone?
eche Vrſa fyxt on hye,
The ſeas ſhall waſhe, and ſwellyng surge
of ſeas of Sicylye

Shall

Shall reſt and all aſſwaged be,
and cozne to rypenes growe
In botome of Ionian ſeas,
and darkeſt night ſhall ſhowe
And ſpzeade the light about the ſoyle:
the waters with the fyze,
The lyfe with death, the wynde with ſeas,
ſhall frendſhyp fyzſt requyze,
And be at league. Phy. of what deceite
are you ſo dzeadfull here?
Thy, Of euery chone: what ende at length
myght I pzouide of feare?
In all he can he hateth me.
Phy. to you what hurt can he?
Thy. As foz my ſelfe I nothyng dzead:
you lyttle babes make me
Afrayde of him. Phy. dzeade ye to be
beguylde when caught ye are?
To late it is to ſhoon the trayne
in myddle of the ſnare.
But goe we on, this (father) is
to you my laſt requeſt.
Thy. I followe you. I leade you not.
Phy. god turne it to the beſt,
That well deuyſed is foz good,
paſſe foozth with cherefull pace.

The

The seconde Sceane.

Atreus. Thyestes.

ENtrapt in trayne the beast is taught
and in the snare dothe fall:
Dothe him, and eke of hated stocke
with him the offspryng all,
About the fathers syde I see:
and now in safetie stands
And surest ground my wrathfull hate:
nowe comes into my hands
At length Thyestes: ye he comes
and all at ones to me.
I scant refrayne my selfe, and scant
may anger bydled be.
So when the bloodhounde seekes the beast,
by steppe and quycke of sent
Drawes in the leame, and pace by pace
to wynde the wayes he went,
With nose to soyle dothe hunt,
while he the boare alooke hath founde
Farre of by sent, he yet refraynes
and wanders throuh the grounds

With sylent mouth: but when at hand
he once perceiues the praye,
With al the strength he hath he striues,
with voyce and calls awaye
His lyngring maister, and from him
by force out breaketh he.
When Ire dothe hope the present blood,
it may not hydden be.
Yet let it hydden be. beholde,
with vglye heare to syght
How yrkesomely defourmde with fylthe
his fowlest face is dyght,
How lothsome lyes his bearde vnkempt:
but let vs frendship fayne.
To see my brother me delight:
geue now to me agayne
Embrasyng long desyred for:
what euer stryfe there was
Before this time betwene vs twayne,
forget and let it pas:
Fro this daie foorth let brothers loue,
let blood, and lawe of kynde
Regarded be, let all debate
be slakte in eythers mynde.
Thy. I coulde excuse my selfe, except
thou werte as now thou arte.
But Atreus) now I graunte, the faute
was myne in euery parte:

And I offended haue in all.
my cause the worse to bee,
Your this daies kindnes makes: in deede
a gyltie wight is hee,
That wolde so good a brother hurt
as you, in any whyt.
But nowe with teares I must entreate,
and fyrst I me submit.
These hands that at thy feete doe lye,
doe thee beseeche and praye,
That yre and hate be layde aslyde,
and from thy bosome maye
Be scraped out: and cleere forgot.
for pledges take thou theese
O brother deere, these gyltles babes.
Atr. thy hands yet from my kneese
Remoue, and rather me to take
in armes, vppon me fall.
And ye o aydes of elders age,
ye lyttle infantry all,
We clyppe and colle about the necke:
this fowle attyre forsake,
And spare myne eyes that pitie it,
and fresher vesture take
Lyke myne to see. and you with ioye,
the halfe of emperie
Deere brother take: the greater prayse
shall come to me therby,

Our fathers ſeate to yelde to you,
and brother to releeue.
To haue a kyngdome is but chaunce,
but vertue it to geeue.
Thy. I iuſt rewarde for ſuche deſertꝫ,
the goddꝫ (o brother deare)
Repaye to the: but on my hed
a regall crowne to weare,
My lothſome lyfe denyes: and farre
dothe from the ſceptor flee
My hande vnhappie: in the mydſt
let leefull be for mee
Of men to lurke. Atre. this kindome can
with twayne full well agree.
Thy. What euer is (o brother) yours,
I count it myne to bee.
Atr. Who wolde dame fortunes gyftꝫ refuſe,
if ſhe him rayſe to raygne?
Thy. The gyftes of hir eche man it wotes,
how ſoone they paſſe agayne.
Atre. ye me depryue of glory greate,
except ye th'empyre take.
Thy. You haue your prayſe in offryng it,
and I it to forſake.
And full perſwaded to refuſe
the kyngdome, am I ſtill.
Atre. Except your part ye will ſuſteine
myne owne forſake I will.

I take

Thy. I take it then. and beare I will
the name thereof alone:
The ryghts and armes, as well as myne
they shall be yours eche one.
Atre. The regall crowne as you beseemes
vppon your hed then take:
And I thappointed sacrifice
for godds, will now goe make.

Chorus.

VIde any man it weene? that cruell wyght
Atreus, of mynde so impotent to see
Was soone astonied with his brothers syght.
no greater force then pietee may be:
Where kynred is not, lasteth euery threate,
whom true loue holdes, it holdes eternallye.
The wrathe but late with causes kyndled greate
all fauour brake, and dyd to battayle crye,
When horsemen did resounde on euery syde,
the swoordes eche where, then glystred more and more:
Which ragyng Mars with often stroke dyd guyde
the fresher bloud to shedde yet thyrstyng sore.
But loue the sworde agaynst theyr wills doth swage,
and them to peace perswades with hand in hand.
No sodeyne rest, amyd so greate a rage
what god hath made? throughout Mycenas lande

The harnes clynkt, but late of cyuill ſtryfe:
and for theyr babes dyd fearefull mothers quake,
Her armed ſpouſe to leeſe muche feard the wyfe.
when ſwoorde was made the ſcabberde to forſake,
That now by reſt with ruſt was ouergrowne.
ſome to repayre the walles that dyd decaye,
And ſome to ſtrength the towres halfe ouerthrowne,
and ſome the gates wyth gyns of fyne to ſtaye
Full buſie were, and dreadfull watche by nyght
from turret highe dyd ouerlooke the towne.
Woorſe is then warre it ſelfe the feare of fyght.
now are the threats of cruell ſwoorde layde downe,
And now the rumor whiſtes of battayles ſowne,
the noyſe of crooked trumpet ſylent lyes,
And quiete peace returnes to ioyfull towne.
ſo when the waues of ſwelling Surge aryſe,
While Eorus wynde the Brutian ſeas doth ſmight,
and Scylla ſounds from hollowe caues within,
And ſhipmen are with waftyng waues affryght,
Charybdis caſts that erſt it had droonke in:
And Cyclops fiers his father yet dothe dred,
in Aetna banke that feruent is with heates,
Leſt quenched be with waues that ouerſhed
the fyre that from eternall fornace beates:
And poore Laërtes thinkes his kyngdomes all
may drowned be, and Ithaca doth quake:
If once the force of wyndes begyn to fall,
the ſea lythe downe more mylde then ſtandyng lake.

The

The deepe, where shipps so wyde full dreadfull were
to passe, with sayles on eyther syde out spred
Now sallne adowne, the lesser boate dothe beare:
and leysure is to vewe the fyshes ded
Euen there, where late with tempest bette vppone
the shaken Cyclades were with seas agast.
No state endures, the payne and pleasure, ons
to other yeldes, and ioyes be soonest past.
One howre sett? vp the thynges that lowest bee.
he that the crownes to pryuces dothe denyde,
Whom people please with bendyng of the knee,
and at whose becke theyr battayles laye aslyde
The Meades, and Indians eke to Phebus nye,
and Dakes that Parthians doe with horsemen threate,
Hym selfe yet holdes his sceptors doutfullye,
and men of myght he feares and chaunces greate
(That eche estate may turne) and doutfull howre.
o ye, whom lorde of lande and waters wyde,
Of lyfe and death graunt? here to haue the powre,
laye ye your proude and lofty lookes aslyde:
What your inferiour feares of you amys,
that your superiour threats to you agayne.
To greater kyng, eche kyng a subiect is.
whom dawne of day hath seene in pryde to raygne,
Hym ouerthrowne hath seene the euenyng late.
let none reioyce to muche that good hath got,
Let none dispaire of best in worst estate.
for Clothoe myngles all, and suffreth not

Fortune to ſtande: but fates about dothe dryue.
Suche friendſhip fynde with godds yet no man might,
That he the morowe might be ſure to lyue.
The god our things all toſt and turned quight
Rolles with a whirle wynde.

The fourth Acte.

Meſſenger. Chorus.

What whirlwinde mai me hedlong driue
and vp in ayre me flyng,
And wrappe in darkeſt cloude, wherby
it might ſo heynous thyng,
Take from mine eyes? ô wicked houſe
that euen of Pelops ought
And Tantalus abhorred be.

Cho. what new thing haſt thou brought?
Meſſ. What lande is this? lythe Sparta here,
and Argos, that hath bred
So wycked brethern? and the grounde
of Corinth lyng ſpred
Betwene the ſeas? or Iſter ells
where woont to take their flight,
Are people wylde? or that whiche woont
with ſnowe to ſhyne ſo bright

Hyrcana

Hircana lande? or els do here
the wandryng Scythians dwell?
Cho. What monstrous mischefe is this place
then giltie of? that tell,
And this declare to vs at large
what euer be the ill.
Mess. If once my minde may stay it selfe,
and quakyng limm? I will.
But yet of suche a cruell deede
before mine eyes the feare
And Image walkes: ye ragyng stormes
now far from hens me beare
And to that place me driue, to whiche
now driuen is the day
Thus drawen from hens. Ch. Our mindes ye holde
yet still in doubtfull stay.
Tell what it is ye so abhorre.
The author therof showe.
I aske not who, but which of them:
that quickly let vs knowe.
Mess. In Peloppi Tueret highe, a parte
there is of palaice wyde
That towarde the southe erected leanes,
of whiche the vtter syde
With equall toppe to mountayne stands,
and on the citie lies,
And people proude agaynst theyr prince
yfonce the traytours rise

Hath vnderneathe his battryng ſtroke:
there ſhines the place in ſight
Where woont the people to frequent,
whoſe golden beames ſo bright
The noble ſpotted pillers graye,
of marble doue ſuppoſte.
Within this place well knowen to men,
where they ſo ofte reſorte,
To many other roomes about
the noble courte dothe goe.
The priuie Palaice vnderlieth
in ſecret place aloe,
With ditche full deepe that dothe encloſe
the woode of priuetee,
And hidden partes of kyngdome olde:
where neuer grew no tree
That therefull bowes is woont to beare,
with knife or lopped be,
But Taxe, and Cypreſſe, and with tree
of Holme full blacke to ſe
Dothe becke and bende the woode ſo darke:
aloft aboue all theeſe
The higher oke dothe ouerlooke,
ſurmountyng all the treeſe,
From hens with lucke the raygne to take,
accuſtomde are the kyngs,
From hens in danger ayde to aſke,
and dwine in doubtfull thyngs.

To this affixed are the gilts,
the ſoundyng Trumpetts bright,
The Chariots broke, and ſpoyles of les
that now Myrtoon hight,
There hang the wheeles once won by crafte
of kaiſer axell tree,
And euery other conqueſts note:
here leefull is to ſee
The Phrygyan tyre of Pelops hed:
the ſpoyle of enmies heere,
And of Barbarian triumphe leſte,
the paynted gorgeous geere.
A lothelome ſpryng ſtands vnder ſhade,
and slouthfull courſe dothe take,
With water blacke: euen ſuch as is,
of Yrkſome Stygian lake
The vgly wane, wherby are woont,
to ſweare the goddes on hie.
Here all the night the grifly ghoſts
and gods of death to crie
The ſame repoztes: with clinkyng chaynes
reſounds the woode eche where,
The ſprights crie out: and euery thyng
that dredfull is to heare,
Way there be ſeene: of vgly ſhapes
from olde Sepulchres ſent
A fearfull flocke dothe wander there,
and in that place frequent

Woozſ

Woozſe thyngs then euer yet were knowne:
ye all the wood full ofte
With flame is woont to flaſhe, and all
the higher trees alofte
Without a fyze dooe burne: and ofte
the wood beſyde all this
With triple barkyng roares at once:
full ofte the palaice is
Affright with ſhapes, noz light of day
may once the terrour quell.
Eternall night dothe holde the place,
and darknes there of hell
In mid day raignes: from hens to them
that pzay, out of the grounde
The certayne anſwers geuen are,
what time with dzedfull ſounde
From ſecret place the fates be tolde,
and dongeon roares within
While of the God bzeakes out the voice:
wherto when entred in
Fierce Atreus was, that did with him
his bzothers childzen trayle,
Dekt are the aulters: who (alas)
may it enoughe bewayle?
Behynde the infants back anone
he knyt their noble hands,
And eke their heaule heds about
he bounde with purple bands:

There

There wanted there no Frankensence,
nor yet the holy wine,
Nor knife to cut the sacrifice,
besprinkt with leuens fine.
Kept is in all the order due,
least suche a mischiefe grette
Should not be ordred well. Chor. who dothe
his hande on swoorde then sette?
Mess. He is him selfe the preest, and he
him selfe the dedly verse
With prater dyre from feruent mouthe
dothe syng and ofte reherse.
And he at thaulters stands him selfe,
he them assygnde to die
Dothe handle, and in order set,
and to the knife applie,
He light the fyres, no rights were lefte
of sacryfice vndone.
The woode then quakte, and all at ones
from trembiyng grounde anone
The Palaice beckte, in doubte whiche way
the payse therof woulde fall,
And shakyng as in waues it stoode:
from thayre and therwithall
A blasyng starre that fowlest trayne
drewe after him dothe goe:
The wynes that in the fyres were cast,
with changed licour floe,

And

And turne to bloud: and twyſe or thryſe
thattyre fell from his hed,
The Iuerie bright in Temples ſeemde
to weepe and teares to ſhed.
The lights amaſde all other men,
but ſtedfaſt yet alway
Of mynde, vnmoued Atreus ſtands,
and euen the godds dothe fray
That threaten him, and all delay
forſaken by and bye
To thaulters turnes, and therwithall
a lyde he lookes awrye.
As hungrie tygre woones that dothe
in gangey woods remayne
With doubtfull pace to range and roame
betweene the bullocks twayne,
Of eyther praye full couetous,
and yet vncertayne where
She fyrſt may bite, and rorying throate
now turnes the tone to teare
And then to thother ſtraight returnes,
and doubtfull famine holdes:
So Atreus dire, betwene the babes
dothe ſtand and them beholdes
On whome he poyntes to ſlake his yre:
fyrſt ſlaughter where to make,
He doubtes: or whome he ſhoulde agayne
for ſeconde offryng take,

Yet

Yet skylls it nought, but yet he doubtes,
and suche a crueltie
It him deligths to order well.
Chor. Whome take he fyrst to die?
Mess. First place, least in him thinke ye might
no piete to remayne
To grandsier dedicated is,
fyrst Tantalus is slayne.
Chor. With what a minde and countnaunce, coulde
the boye his death sustayne?
Mess. All careles of him selfe he stoode,
nor once he woulde in vayne
His prayers leese. But Atreus fierce
the swoorde in him at last
In deepe and deadly wounde dothe hide
to hilts, and grippyng fast
His throate in hand, he thrust him throughe.
The swoorde then drawne awaye
When long the body had vphelde
it selfe in doubtfull staye,
Whiche way to fall, at lengthe vppon
the vnkle downe it falles.
And then to thaulters cruellie
Philisthenes he tralles,
And on his brother throwes: and strayght
his necke of cutteth hee.
The carcase hedlong falles to grounde:
apiteous thyng to see,

The

The mournyng hed, with murmure yet
vncertayne dothe complayne.
Chor. What after double heathe dothe hy
and ſlaughter then of twayne?
Spares he the childe? or gilt on gilt
agayne yet heapeth he?
Meſſ. As long maend Lyon feerce amid
the wood of Armenie,
The dzoue purſues and conqueſt makes
of ſlaughter many one,
Though now defiled be his iawes
with bloude, and hunger gone
Yet ſlaketh not his Irefull rage,
with bloud of bulles ſo greate,
But ſlouthfull now, with weery toothe
the leſſer calues dothe threate:
None other wyſe dothe Atreus rage,
and ſwels with anger ſtraynde,
And holdyng now the ſwozde in hande
with double ſlaughter ſtaynde,
Regardyng not where fell his rage,
with curſed hand vnmilde
He ſtrake it through his body quight:
at boſome of the childe
The blade gothe in, and at the backe
agayne out went the ſame.
He falles, and quenchyng with his bloud
the aulters ſacred flame,

Of eyther wounde at lengthe he dieth.
Chor. O heynous hatefull acte.
Mess. Abhorre ye this? ye heare not yet
the ende of all the facte,
There followes more. Cho. A fiercer thyng,
or woorse then this to see
Could nature beare? Me. why thinke ye this
of gilt the ende to bee?
It is but parte. Cho. what could he more?
to cruell beasts he cast
Perhapps their bodies to be torne,
and kept from eyes at last.
Mess. Woulde god he had: that neuer tombe
the deade might ouerhyde,
Nor flames dissolue, though them for foode
to fowles in pastures wyde
He had out throwen, or them for pray
to cruell beasts woulde flyng.
That whiche the worste was wont to be,
were heere a willshed thyng,
That them theyr father sawe vntombde.
but oh more curled crime
Uncredible, the whiche dente
wyll men of after time:
From bolomes yet alyue out drawne
the trembling bowells shake,
The vaynes yet breathe, the fearefull harte
bothe yet bothe pante and quake:

But he the ſtrynge dothe turne in hande,
and deſtenies beholde,
And of the gutts the ſygnes eche one
dothe vewe not fully colde.
When him the ſacrifice had pleaſde,
his diligence he putts
To dreſſe his brothers banquet new:
and ſtreyght a ſoonder cutts
The bodies into quarters all,
and by the ſtoompes anone
The ſhoulders wide, and brawnes of armes,
he ſtrikes of euery chone.
He laies abrode theyr naked lymms,
and cutts away the bones:
The only heds he keepes, and hands
to him comitted ones.
Some of the gutts are broachte, and in
the fyres that burne ful noe
They droppe: the boylyng liccour ſome
dothe tomble to and froe
In mooryng cawdern: from the fleſhe
that ouerſtands alofte
The fyre dothe flie, and ſcatter out,
and into chimney ofte
Up heapt agayne, and there conſtraynde
by force to tary yet
Unwillyng burnes: the lyuer makes
great noyſe vppon the ſpit,

Nor easely wote I, if the flesshe,
or flames they be that cry,
But crie they doe: the fyre like pitche
it fumeth by and by:
Nor yet the smoke it selfe so sadde,
like filthy misse in sight
Ascendeth vp as woont it is,
nor takes his way vpright,
But euen the Goddes and house it dothe
with filthie fume defyle.
O patient Phœbus though from hence
thou backward flee the whyle,
And in the midst of heauen aboue
doeste drowne the broken day,
Thou fleeste to late: the father eates
his children well away,
And lymm's to whiche he onse gaue lyfe,
with cursed iawe dothe teare.
The thynes with oyntment shed full sweete
all rounde aboute his heare,
Replete with wyne: and often times
so cursed kynde of food
His mouth hath holde that would not downe;
but yet this one thyng good
In all thy ylls (Thyestes) is,
that them thou doeste not knoe.
And yet shall that not long endure,
though Titan backward goe

And chariots turne againſt him ſelfe,
to meete the waies he went,
And heauie night ſo heynous deede
to keepe from light be ſent,
And out of time from eaſt artſe,
ſo foule a facte to hide,
Yet ſhall the whole at lengthe be ſeene:
thy ills ſhall all be ſpide.

The Chorus.

WHiche way O prince of lands and godds on hie,
at whoſe vprise e felones of shadowde night
All bewrie fleethe, which way turnſt thou awrie?
and drawſte ỹ day in midſt of heauen to flight?
Why dooſte thou (Phebus) hide from vs thy light?
not yet the watche that later howre brynges in,
Dothe Veſper warne the ſtarrs to kindle light.
not yet dothe turne of Helpers wheele begin
To loaſe thy chare his well deſerued way.
the Trumpet thirde not yet hath blowen his blaſte
While towarde the night begins to yelde the day.
great woonder hath of ſodayne ſuppers haſte
The Ploweman, yet whoſe oxen are vntierde.
from woonted courſe of heauen what drawes thee backe?
What cauſes haue from certaine race conſpierde
to turne thy horſe? do yet from dongeon blacke

Of

Of hollowe Hell, the conquerde Gyants proue
a freshe assaute: dothe Tityus yet assay
With trenched hart and wounded wombe to moue
the lozmer yzes: oz from the hill away
Hath now Typhœus wounde his lyde by might:
is vp to heauen the way erected hie
Of phlegrey foes by mountaynes set vpzight:
and now dothe Ossa Pelion ouerlie:
The woonted turnes are gone of day and night.
the rise of sun, noz fall shalbe no moze.
Auroza dewysh mother of the light
that woonts to sende the hozses out befoze,
Dothe wonder muche agayne returnde to see
her dawnyng light: she wotts not how to ease
The wery wheeles, noz manes that smokyng bee
of hozse with sweate, to bathe ampd the seas.
Him selfe vnwoonted there to lodge lykewyse,
dothe settyng Sun againe the moznyng see,
And now commaundes the darknes vp to ryse,
befoze the night to come prepared bee.
About the poale yet glowthe no fyze in sight:
noz light of Moone the shades dothe comfozt yet.
What so it be, God graunt it be the night.
our harts dose quake with feare oppzessed gret,
And dzedfull are least heauen and erthe and all
with fatall ruine shaken shall decay:
And least on gods agayne, and men shall fall
disfigurde Chaos: and the land away

The leas, and lyzes, and of the glozious skise
the wandzyng lampes, least nature yet shall hide.
Now shall no mozr with blase of his vpzise,
the lozde of starres that leades the wozlde so wide,
Of Sommer bothe and winter gyue the markes.
nor yet the Moone with Phœbus lames that burnes,
Shall take from vs by night the dredfull darkes,
with swyfter course or passe her brothers turnes,
While compasse lesse she fetts in crooked race:
the Gods on heapes shall out of order fall
And eche with other myngled be in place.
the wzied way of holly planetts all,
With pathe a sloape that dothe deuide the Zones,
that beares the sygnes and yeares in course dothe bzyng,
Shall see the starres with him fall downe at ones.
and he that fyzst not yet with gentle spzyng,
The temperate gale dothe geue to sayles, the Ramme
shall hedlong fall a downe to seas agayne,
Thzough whiche he once with fearfull hellen swamme.
nexr him the Bulle that dothe with hozne sustayne
The systers seuen, with him shall ouerturne
the twyns, and armes of crooked cancer all.
The Lyon whot, (that wooms the soyle to burne)
of Hercules, agayne from heauen shall fall.
To lands once lefte the virgin shalbe throwne,
and leuelde payse of balance sway alowe,
And dzawe with them the stynging Scozpion downe.
so likewyse he that holdes in Thessale bows

His

His swifte well fethred arrowes Chiron olde,
shall breake the same and eke shall leese his shotte.
And Capricorne that brynges the winter colde
shall ouerturne, and breake thy water potte
Who so thou be: and downe with thee to grounde,
the last of all the signes shall Pisces fall.
And monsters eke in seas yet neuer drounde,
the water gulphe shall ouer whelme them all.
And he whiche dothe betwene eche Arcta glyde,
lyke crooked floode, the slipper serpent twynde:
And lesser Beare by greater Dragons syde,
full colde with frost congealed harde by kynde,
And carter dulle that slowlie guides his wayne,
vnstable shall bootes fall from hie.
We are thought meete of all men whom agayne,
should hugy heape of Chaos ouer lie,
And worlde oppresse with ouer turned mas.
the latest age now falleth vs vppon.
With euill happe we are begotte alas,
if wretches we haue lost the sight of son,
Or him by faught enforced haue to flie.
let our complaynes yet goe, and feare be past:
He greedy is of lyke, that will not die
when all the worlde shall ende with him at last.

The fifth Acte.

Atreus alone.

Owe equall with the starrs I goe,
beyonde eche other wight,
with haughtie hed the heauens aboue,
and highest Poale I smight.
The kyngdome now I seate I holde,
where once my father raynde.
I now let goe the godds: for all
my will I haue obtaynde.
Enoughe and well, ye euen enoughe
for me I am acquit.
But whie enoughe? I will proceede,
and kyll the father yet
With bloud of his: least any shame
should me restrayne at all,
The day is gone: goe to therfore,
while thee the heauen dothe call.
Wo de god I coulde agaynst their wills
yet holde the gods that flee,
And of reuengyng dilche, constrayne
them witnesses to be:
But yet (whiche well enoughe is wrought,)
let it the father see.
In spight of all the drowned day,
I wyll remoue from thee

The darkenes all, in shade whereof
doe lurke thy myseries.
And guest at suche a banquet now
to long he careles lies,
With mery face: now eate and dronke
enough he hath: at laste
Tys best him selfe shoulde know his ylls.
ye seruaunts all, in haste
Undoe the temple doores: and let
the house be open all:
Fayne wolde I see, when looke vppon
his childrens heds he shall
What countenance he then wolde make:
or in what woordes breake out
Wolde fyrst his greefe, or how wolde quake
his bodie rounde about
With spright amased sore: of all
my worke the fruite were this.
I wolde him not a myser see,
but whyle so made he is.
Beholde the temple opened now,
dothe shyne with many a lyght:
In glyttryng gold and purple seate
he sytt; him selfe vpryght,
And staiyng vp his heauy head
with wine, vpon his hande,
He belcheth out. now cheefe of godd;,
in highest place I stande,

And kyng of kyngs: I haue my wyshe
and more then I coulde thynke:
He fylled is, he nowe the wyne
in syluer boll doche drynke.
And spare it not, there yet remaynes,
a woorser draught for thee
That sproong out of the bodyes late
of sacrifyces three,
Whiche wyne shall hyde: let therwithall
the boordes be taken vp.
The father (myngled with the wyne)
his childrens blood shall sup,
That woulde haue droonke of myne.
beholde, he now begyns to strayne
His voyce and syngs, nor yet for ioye
his mynde he may refrayne.

The seconde Sceane.

Thyestes alone

O beaten bosomes dullde so longe with woe,
laie downe your cares, at length your greues relēt:
Let sorowe passe, and all your dreade let goe,
and fellowe eke of fearefull banyshment,
Sad pouertie and yll in myserye
the shame of cares. more whense thy fall thou haste,
Then whether. skylls. greate happe to him, from hye
that falles, it is in suretee to be plaste

Beneth

Beneth. and great it is to him agayne
that prest with storme, of euylls feeles the smart,
Of kyngdome loste the payses to sustayne
with necke vnbowde: nor yet deiect of harte
Nor ouercome, his heauy happs alwayes
to beare vpryght. but now of carefull carkes
Shake of the showres, and of thy wretched dayes
awaye with all the myserable markes.
To ioyfull state returne thy cheerefull face.
put fro thy mynde the olde Thyestes hence.
It is the woont of wight in wofull case,
in state of ioy to haue no confydence.
Though better happs to them returned be,
thafflicted yet to ioy it yrketh sore.
Why calste thou me abacke, and hyndrest me
this happie daie to celebrate? wherfore
Bydst thou me (sorowe) weepe without a cause?
who doth me let with flowers so freshe and gaye
To decke my heares? it lettz, and me withdrawes.
downe from my head the roses fall awaye:
My moysted heare with oyntment ouer all,
with sodeyne mase stands vp in woondrows wyse.
From face that wolde not weepe the streames do fall.
and howlyng cryes amyd my woordes aryse,
My sorowe yet thaccustomde teares dothe loue.
and wretches styll delight to weepe and crye.
Vnpleasant playntes it pleaseth them to moue:
and florysht faire it lykes with Tyrian dye

Theyr

Theyr robes to rent: to wayle it lykes them ſtyll.
for ſorowe, lends (in lygne that woes drawe nye)
The minde, that wottz before of after yll.
the ſturdye ſtormes the ſhipmen ouerlye,
When voyde of wynde thall maged leas doe reſt.
what tumult yet or countenaunce to ſee
Makſte thou mad man? at lengthe a truſtfull breſt
to brother geeue, what euer now it bee,
Cauſeles, or ells to late thou arte a dred.
I wretche woulde not ſo feare, but yet me drawes
A tremblynge terrour: downe myne eyes do ſhed
theyr ſodeyne teares, and yet I know no cawſe.
Is it a greeke, or feare? or ells hath teares
great ioy it ſelfe?

The thyrde Sceane.

Atreus. Thyeſtes.

Et vs this date with one conſent
(o brother) celebrate.
This day my ſteptors may confyrme
and ſtablyſhe my eſtate,
And faythfull bonde of peace and lone
betwene vs ratyfye.
Thy. Enough with meate and eke with wyne,
now ſatyſfyde am I.

But yet of all my ioyes it were
a greate encreafe to mee,
If now about my fyde I might
my little childzen fee.
Arr. Beleue that here euen in thyne armes
thy childzen preſent bee.
For here they are, and ſhalbe here,
no parte of them fro thee
Shall be withheide : theyr loued lookes
now geue to the I wyll,
And with the heape of all his babes,
the father fully fyll.
Thou ſhalt be glutted, feare thou not:
they with my boyes as yet
The ioyful ſacrifyces make
at boozde where childzen ſit.
They ſhalbe callde : the frendly cuppe
nowe take of curteſy
With wyne vpfylde. Thy. of bzothers feaſt
I take full wyllyngly
The fynall gyfte, ſhed ſome to godz
of this our fathers lande,
Then let the reſt be bzoonke. whatz this?
in no wyſe wyll my hande
Obeye : the payle increaſeth ſoze,
and downe myne arme dothe ſwaye.
And from my lypps the waſtyng wyne
it ſelfe dothe flie awaie,

And

And in deceiued mouthe, about
my iawes it runneth rounde:
The table to, it ſelfe dothe ſhake,
and leape from trembling grounde.
Scant burnes the fyre: the ayre it ſelfe
with heauy there to light
For looke of ſunne amaſed is
betwene the daye and night.
What meaneth this? yet more and more
of backewarde beaten ſkye
The compaſſe falles: and thicker myſt
the worlde doth ouerlye
Then blackeſt darkenes, and the night
in night it ſelfe dothe hyde.
All ſtarres be fledde: what ſo it bee,
my brother god prouyde
And ſoons to ſpare: the gods ſo graunte
that all this tempeſt fall
On this vyle head. but now reſtore
to me my children all.
Atr. I will, and neuer daye agayne
ſhall them from the withdrawe.
Thy. What tumulte tumbleth ſo my gutts,
and dothe my bowells gnawe?
What quakes within? with heauy payne
I feele my ſelfe oppreſt,
And with an other voyce then myne
bewayles my dolefull breſt.

Come

Come neere my soons, for you now dooth
th'unhappie father call:
Come neere, for you once seene, this greefe
wolde soone asswage and fall.
Whence murmure they? At. with fathers armes
embrace them quickely nowe,
For here they are loe come to thee:
dooste thou thy children knowe?
Thy. I know my brother: suche a spite
yet canst thou suffre well
ô earth to beare? not yet from hens
to Stygian lake of hell
Dooste thou bothe drowne thy selfe and vs?
not yet with broken grounde
Dooste thou these kyngdomes and theyr kyng
with Chaos rude confounde?
Not yet vprentyng from the soyle
the bowzes of wicked lande
Dooste thou Mycenas ouerturne?
with Tantalus to stande,
And auncyters of ours, if there
in hell be any one,
Now ought we bothe. now from the frames
on eyther syde anone
Of grounde, all here and there rent vp,
out of thy bosome deepe
Thy dens and dungeons set abrode,
and vs enclosed keepe,

In botome lowe of Acheront:
aboue our hedd̃ aloſte
Let wander all the gylte ghoſts,
with burnyng frete full ofte
Let fyry Phlegethon that dryues
his ſands bothe to and froe,
To our confuſion ouerroon,
and vyolently floe.
O ſlouthfull ſoyle vnſhaken payſe,
vnmoued yet arte thou?
The godz are fled. Atr. but take to thee
with ioy thy chyldren now.
And rather them embrace: at length
thy chyldren all, of thee
So long wyſht for, (for no delaye
there ſtandeth now in mee,)
Enioye and kyſſe, embracyng armes
deuyde thou vnto thzee.
Thy. Is this thy league? may this thy loue
and fayth of brother bee?
And dooſte thou ſo repoſe thy hate?
the father dothe not craue
His ſoons aliue (whiche might haue bene
without the gylt,) to haue:
And eke without thy hate, but this
dothe brother brother pray:
That them he may entombe, reſtore,
whom ſee thou ſhalt ſtraight way

Be burnt: the father nought requyres,
of the that haue he shall,
But soone forgoe. Atr. what euer parte
yet of thy children all
Remaynes, here shalt thou haue: and what
remayneth not, thou haste.
Thy. Lye they in fieldes, a foode out flung
for fleeyng foules to waste?
Or are they kept a praye, for wylde
and brutyshe beasts to eate?
Atr. Thou hast deuourde thy soons, and fylde
thy selfe with wicked meate.
Thy. Oh this is it that shamde the godds:
and day from hens dyd dryue
Turnde backe to easte. alas I wretch
what waylynges may I gyue?
Or what complayntes? what wofull woordes
may be enough for mee?
Their heades cute of, and hands of torne,
I from their bodies see,
And wrenched feete from broken thyghes,
I here beholde agayne.
Lys this that greedy father coulde
not suffre to sustayne.
In belly rolle my bowels rounde,
and closed cryme so greet
Without a passage strynes within,
and seekes awaye to get.

Thy ſwoorde (o brother) lende to me:
muche of my blood alas
It hathe: let vs therwith make way
for all my ſoons to pas.
Is yet the ſwoorde fro me withheldé?
thy ſelfe thy boſomes teare.
And let thy breſts reſounde with ſtrokes:
yet wretche thy hand forbeare,
And ſpare the deade. who euer ſawe
ſuche miſchiefe put in prooſe?
What rude Heniochus, that dwells
by ragged coaſte alooſe,
Of Caucaſus vnapt for men?
or feare to Athens, who
Procuſtes wylde? the father I
oppreſſe my children do
And am oppreſt, is any meane
of gylt or miſchiefe yet?
Atr. I meane in myſchiefe ought to be,
when gylt thou dooſte commyt,
Not when thou quyeſt: for yet euen this,
to lytle ſeemes to me.
The blood yet warme euen from the wounde
I ſhoulde in ſight of thee
Euen in thy iawes haue ſhed, that thou
the bloud of them mighteſt drynke
That lyued yet: but whyle to muche
to haſte my hate I thynke,

My wrathe beguyled is. my selfe
with swoorde the woundes them gaue,
I strake them downe, the sacred fyres
with slaughter vowde I haue
Well pleasde, the carcase cuttyng them
and lyueles lymms on grounde
I haue in little parcelles chopt,
and some of them I drownde
In boylyng cawderns, some to fyres
that burnte full flowe I putte,
And made to droppe: their synewes all
and lymms stoo I cutte
Euen yet alyue, and on the spyttе
that thrust was through the same
I harde the lyuer wayle and crie,
and with my hand the flame
I ofte kept in: but euery whit
the father might of this
Haue better doone, but now my wrathe
to lyghtly ended is.
He rent his soons with wycked gumme,
him selfe yet wotyng nought,
Nor they therof. Thy. ó ye, encloasde
with bendyng banks abought
All seas me heare, and to this gyft
ye godds now harken well
What euer place ye fledde are to:
heare all ye sprights of hell,

And here ye lands, and night so darke,
that them dooste ouerlye
With clowde so blacke, to my complaynts
do thou thy selfe applye.
To thee now lefte I am, thou dooste
alone me myser see,
And thou arte lefte without thy starres:
I wyll not make for mee
Petitions yet, nor ought for me
requyre, may ought yet bee
That me shoulde vayle: for you shall all
my wyshes now forese.
Thou guyder great of skies aboue,
and prynce of hyghest myght,
Of heauenly place, now all with cloudes
full horrible to syght,
Enwrappe the worlde, and let the wyndes
on euery syde breake out,
And sende the dredfull thunder clappe,
through all the worlde about.
Not with what hand thou spilles house
and vndeserued wall
With lesser bolte arte wonte to beate,
but with the whiche did fall
The thrice vpheaped mountaynes once,
and wh che to hylls in height
Stoode equall vp, the gyants huge:
throwe out suche weapons freight,

And kyng thy kyzes, and therwithall
reuenge the dzowned daye.
Let flee thy flames, the lyght thus loft
and hyd from heauen awaye,
With flaches kyll: the cauſe, (leaſt long
thou ſhouldſt doute whom to hit,)
Of eche of vs is yll: if not
at leaſt let myne be it,
Wee ſtryke: with tryple edged toole
thy bzande of flampyng fyze
Beate thzough this bzeſt: if father I
my childzen do deſyze
To lay in tombe, oz cozpſes caſt
to fyze as dothe behoue,
I muſt be burnt: if nothyng now
the gods to wzath maie moue,
Noz powze from ſkyes with thunder bolte
none ſtrykes the wycked men,
Let yet eternall night remayne,
and hyde with darkenes then
The wozlde about: I (Titan) nought
complayne, as now it ſtands,
If ſtill thou hyde thee thus awaye.
Aur. now praiſe I well my handes,
Now gotte I haue the palme: I had
bene ouercome of thee,
Except thou ſezowdſt ſo: but now
euen childzen bozne to me

I counte, and now of bzydebed chaſte
the kayth I do repeare.
Thy. In what offended haue my ſoons?
Atr. In that, that thyne they weare.
Thy. Setſt thou the ſoons koz kathers koode?
Atr. I doe, and (whiche is beſt)
The certayne ſoons. Thy. the gods that guyde
a linkantes, I pzoteſt.
Atr. what wedlocke god? Th. who wolde the gylt
with gylt ſo quyght agayne?
Atr. I knowe thy greeke pzeuented now
with wzong, thou dooſte complayne:
Noz this thee yrkes, that kedde thou arte
with koode of curſed kynde,
But that thou hadſt not it pzeparde:
koz ſo it was thy mynde,
Suche meates as theſe to ſette bekoze
thy bzother wotyng naught,
And by the mothers helpe, to haue
lykewyſe my chilozen cazght,
And them with ſuche lyke deathe to ſlaye:
this one thing letted thee,
Thou thoughteſt them thyne. Thy. the gods ſhall all
of this reuengers bee:
And vnto them koz vengeance due,
my vowes thee render ſhall.
Atr. But vert to be I thee the whyle,
geeue to thy chilozen all.

The

The fourth Sceane,
Added to the Tragedy by the Translatour.

Thyestes alone.

Kyng of Dytis dungeon darke,
and gryslly ghosts of hell,
That in the deepe and dredfull dennes,
of blackest Tartare dwell,
Where leane and pale diseases lye
where feare and famyne are,
Where discorde stands with bleedyng browes,
where euery kynde of care,
Where furies fight in beddes of steele,
and heares of crallyng snakes,
Where Gorgon grymme, where Harpies are,
and lothsome Lymbo lakes,
Where most prodigious vglye thynges,
the hollowe hell dothe hyde,
If yet a monster more myschapte
then all that there doe byde,
That makes his broode his curled foode,
ye all abhorre to see,
Nor yet the deepe Auerne it selfe,
may byde to couer me,

Nor gryſly gates of Plutoes place,
yet dare them ſelues to ſpredde,
Nor gapyng grounde to ſwallowe him,
whome godds and day haue kledde:
Yet breake ye out from curſed ſeates,
and here remayne with me,
Ye neede not now to be affrayde,
the ayre and heauen to ſe.
Nor tryple headid Cerberus,
thou needſt not be affright,
The day vnknowne to thee to ſee,
or els the lothſome light.
They bothe be kledde: and now dothe dwell
none other countnaunce heere,
Then dothe beneathe the fowleſt face,
of hatefull hell appeere.
Come ſee a meeteſt matche for thee,
a more then monſtrous wombe,
That is of his vnhappie broode,
become a curſed tombe.
Flocke here ye fowleſt feendes of hell,
and thou O grandſier greate,
Come ſee the glutted gutts of mine,
with ſuche a kynde of meate,
As thou didſt once for godds prepare.
let torments all of hell
Now fall vppon this hatefull hed,
that hathe deſerude them well.

Ye all be plagued wrongfully,
your gyltes be small, in sight
Of myne, and meete it were your pangs
on me alone should light.
Now thou O grandsier giltles arte,
and meeter were for me,
With sleepyng sloud to be beguilde,
and frute of sickle tree.
Thou slewst thy son, but I my sons,
alas haue made my meate.
I could thy sampyne better beare,
my panche is now repleate
With foode: and with my children three,
my belly is extent.
O filthy fowles and gnawyng gripes,
that Tityus bosome rent
Beholde a fitter pray for you,
to fill your selues vppone
Then are the growyng guts of him:
foure wombes enwrapt in one.
This panche at ones shall fill you all:
yfye abhorre the foode,
Nor may your selues abide to bathe,
in suche a cursed bloode:
Yet lend to me your clinchyng clawes,
your pray a while forbeare,
And with your tallons suffer me,
this monstrous mawe to teare.

Oꝛ whirlyng wheeles, with ſwynge of whiche
Ixion ſtill is rolde,
Your hookes vppon this glutted goꝛge,
woulde catche a ſurer holde.
Thou filthy floud of Lymbo lake,
and Stygian poole ſo dyꝛe,
From choaked chanell beiche abꝛode.
thou kerfull freate of fyꝛe,
Spue out thy flames O Phlegethon:
and ouer ſhed the grounde.
With vomite of thy fyꝛye ſtreame,
let me and earth be dꝛowꝛnde.
Bꝛeake vp thou ſoyle from botome deepe,
and geue thou roome to hell,
That night, where day, that ghoſts, were gods
were woont to raigne, may dwell.
Why gapſte thou not? Why do you not
O gates of hell vnfolde?
Why do ye thus thynfernall feendes,
ſo long from hens withholde?
Are you likewyſe affrayde to ſee, and
knowe ſo wꝛetched wight,
From whome the godds haue wꝛyde theyꝛ lookes,
and turned are to flight?
O hatefull hed, whom heauen and hell,
haue ſhoonde and lefte alone,
The Sun, the Starrs, the light, the day,
the Godds, the ghoſts be gone.

yet

Yet turne agayne ye Skyes a whyle,
ere quight ye goe fro me,
Take vengeance fyrſt on him, whoſe faulte
enforceth you to flee.
If needes ye muſt your flight prepare,
and may no lenger byde,
But rolle ye muſt with you foorthwith,
the Goddes and Sun a ſyde,
Yet ſlowly flee: that I at lengthe,
may you yet ouertake,
While wandryng wayes I after you,
and ſpeedy iorney make.
By ſeas, by lands, by woods, by rockes,
in darke I wander ſhall:
And on your wrathe, for right rewarde
to due deſerts, wyll call.
ye ſcape not fro me ſo ye Goddes,
ſtill after you I goe,
And vengeance aſke on wicked wight,
your thunder bolte to throe.

FINIS.

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ANNO. M. D. LX.

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